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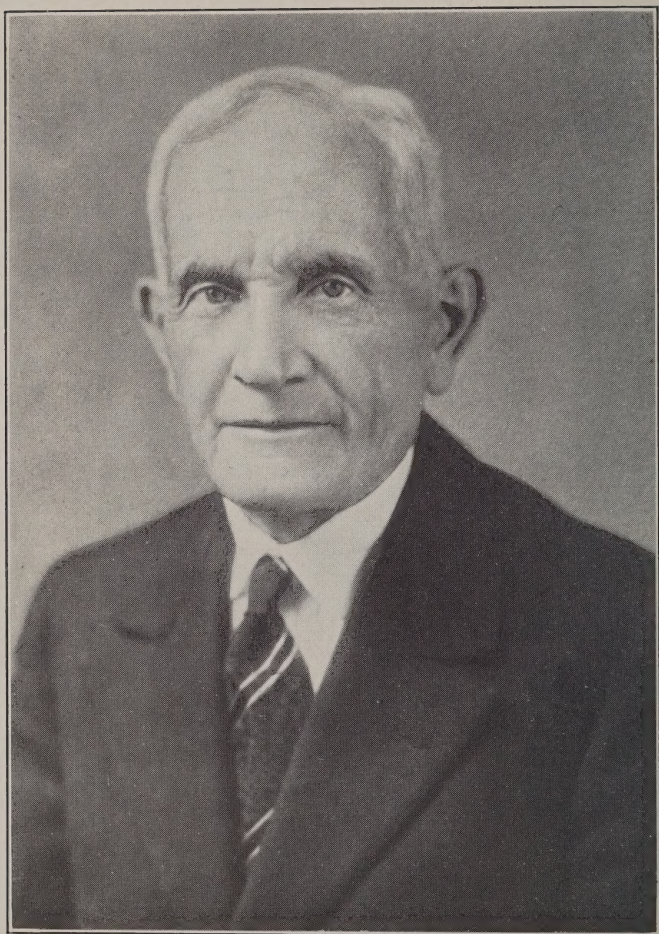


MACKLIN OF NANKING







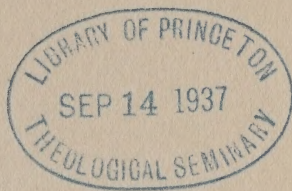


Dr. W. E. Macklin

# MACKLIN OF NANKING

By

Edith Eberle



Sketches by Rose Wright



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Dedicated to  
the members of

The First Christian Church, Frankfort, Kentucky  
who for thirty-five years considered

Dr. William E. Macklin

their personal representative in China  
and sustained his work  
with warm affection and loyal support



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## FOREWORD

It is very fitting that the publication of this biography should come in the exact month (April, 1936) when the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the missionary work of the Disciples of Christ in China is being celebrated. Dr. W. E. Macklin was the pioneer missionary in its establishment. In addition to its timeliness there are other reasons why the biography will appeal both to those who are older and have known something of this man's unique work as a medical missionary and to those who will be introduced for the first time to that epoch-making service.

In the first place, Dr. Macklin of Nanking, during his many years in China, did a piece of pure pioneering which ranks with that of any missionary who has ever gone to any field. He broke stubborn sod under very difficult circumstances and had the courage to attempt wholly untried things in an extremely conservative oriental city, proud of its ancient and undisturbed culture and life.

In the second place, with his unusual gift of medical skill he combined a rare linguistic ability, and thus made an outstanding contribution to Chinese secular and religious literature by his timely and tireless work of translation from English into Chinese.

In the third place, because of his unusual capacity for friendship with both high and low among the Chinese, he built foundations for good will and understanding which have been a remarkable asset to the whole advance of Christian life and teaching in Central China.

In the fourth place, Dr. Macklin is a strikingly picturesque character and this adds spice and fascination to the story of his life. He has combined such a wealth of originality, in-

dependence, and native discernment in his life and service as to fully deserve the frequent characterization among his friends —“There is only *one* Dr. Macklin.”

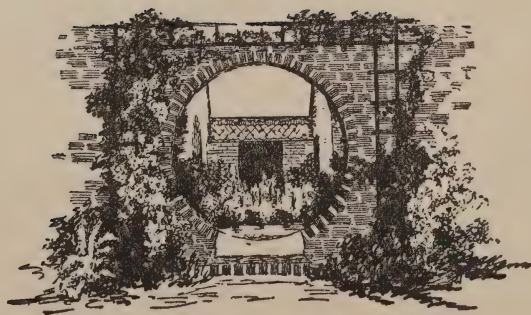
The biography which Miss Eberle has written is a significant one. Besides being an excellent literary narrative, it has both tone and touch. Being a missionary herself, her knowledge of the missionary task has given her true insight, and being a missionary of another field than China has enabled her to write with perspective and poise. This is a biography which has in it all the charm of an intimate visit with a dear and unusual friend.

STEPHEN J. COREY.

*Missions Building, Indianapolis*



## PROLOGUE



*A man who commands our liking is called  
a good man;  
He whose goodness is part of himself is  
called a real man;  
He whose goodness is filled up is called a  
beautiful man;  
He whose completed goodness is brightly  
displayed is called a great man;  
When this great man exercises a transforming  
influence he is called a sage.*

—MENCIUS.

## PROLOGUE

They call it "East Live Oak," a demure and tranquil little street lined on either side with live oak trees, heavy and rounded with their waxy green foliage under California's sunny southern skies. A street that somehow breathes stillness, peace, and the sense of having reached a desired destination. Near by is the old Catholic mission of San Gabriel, beautiful in line and symmetry, its ancient walls, its arches, and its towers redolent of Old Spain and the kindly fathers who dared come so far for love of Christ and stranger folk who needed him. It lends its charm, its peace, its kindliness, and its wistful brooding memories to the little village of San Gabriel built round it. Not inappropriate that Dr. and Mrs. William E. Macklin should have chosen to live out their remaining years in the very shadow of this old mission on California's Highway of the King, for they have ever followed their King's highway and their lives, too, speak of loyal, consecrated-to-the-full missionary service, awakening within us a reverential awe and invoking the quiet and uplift of holy ground.

In a homelike, unpretentious, but picturesque little bungalow live the Macklins, surrounded by roses that under the magic of the doctor's hand and the sunniness of the land mature into sheerest loveliness to delight horticulturist or artist-poet. His fruit trees and berry bushes yield largest and choicest of their kinds and his bees are of the contented, home-staying variety. "Oh, yes, he keeps bees," laughs the wise little Mrs. Macklin, her brown eyes dancing and merry, as she answers our unspoken surprise. "To keep a man happy one must let him follow his hobbies."

"We must have a story of this man's life," was the mind of all who knew him and his work, the host of those who loved and honored him. To this there was one dissenting voice, the

good doctor himself. "Why the story of my life," he protested, "when there are so many greater and worthier than I?" By telegram he spoke, not needing ten words tersely and testily to say that he would have none of it. Air-mail letter followed, fairly bristling with his determination not to be written up, marshaling all his reasons and summing all his objections in such militant array as well-nigh to over-topple all the planning. But in the end he listened to pleadings and so it was that four people came to sit together by the open fire in that little story-book bungalow.

Each one of them might well be put into a book. Each one of them would make a fascinating story.

Miss Mary Frances E. Kelly, with the face of a saint, but such a human, lovable, and loving saint, full of the joy of life and eager still to serve. Her body bears the marks of toil and repeated injuries; two crutches give necessary support and bear her about, but her youthful spirit soars unfettered, free. Devoted to evangelism among women in all her years in China, living in the most crowded sections in Nanking where need ever demanded and opportunity ever beckoned, she gave always generous, satisfying response. She itinerated in villages and country places, walking, riding a donkey, or carried in sedan chair; she threaded her way along narrow streets and twisting trails; she went in and out of the homes in the thickly populated neighborhood of her South Gate residence; she hesitated not in time of famine, pestilence, or persecution; she was beloved, honored, and cherished of many. To her was entrusted the responsibility of gathering and organizing the facts, incidents, and stories that make up the doctor's life and she journeyed gladly from Florida to California to assume this newest assignment of her missionary service.

Miss Emma A. Lyon, a tall and stately lady with kindly face and patrician bearing. As a young woman she had lived in the Macklin home in Nanking, China, and had done her first missionary work under their watch-care. Pioneer in girls' school work and early advocate of educational advantages for



girls, she gave forty-two years of consecrated, efficient service that China's girlhood might be educated and uplifted. She saw a school grow from humblest beginnings in rented quarters, with few students and no prestige, to a great and honored institution from which have gone thousands of students who lovingly call her "mother." In 1927 when hostile soldiers, stirred to a mighty hatred of the foreigners, beat upon the gates of the school, quick-witted teachers and students saved her life by hiding her in the fuel house, piling great bundles of reeds upon their beloved teacher, the dignified and stately Miss Lyon. Going out to China but a few years later than the Macklins, she knew the same China that the Macklins knew and was familiar with their work. Careful in detail and exact in knowledge, she settled many a disputed question and gave generously of her time to the assembling of the material.

Mrs. Macklin, slender, alert, vivacious, quick and birdlike in movement, a lovely lady with brown eyes and snow-white hair. As a bride she fared forth valiantly to the land of her husband's choice, and her choice, too. Of her, a home-loving body, a heroic story might be told—housekeeping in an old temple, dodging well-aimed stones, facing riots and wars, making hurried departure in times of danger, laying away children in an alien land, rearing others in unfamiliar and difficult surroundings with years of separation that they might have the educational opportunities of the home country, building a Christian home in non-Christian surroundings and giving thereby her full share of missionary service, remaining ever the gracious, cultured, courageous missionary lady to whom the passing years have brought but added charm. Her share in the task was invaluable and without her it scarce could have been done.

And the doctor himself, in his seventy-fifth year, vigorous, alert, and active, not tall, and only slightly stooped. He wears his years lightly though he bears the marks of unceasing activity and selfless service. His face is that of an ascetic; his steely

blue eyes look at one intently. Then suddenly there is a roguish twinkle, a shy sweet smile lights his features, and sternness gives way to heart-warming kindliness. His rich fund of stories, his quick play of humor, his droll remarks, his quaint and unexpected sayings, gave zest to the conversation as the three women sought to draw him out and stumbled again and again upon some new tale or incident that caused even Mrs. Macklin to say, "I never heard that before." The fun to be found in missionary service; the joy, happiness, pathos, and suffering that go with it; his depths of sincerity; his yearning love for China's people and his brooding desire for that land—all were revealed in those friendly, informal, fireside conversations.

These four! Dr. Macklin, not any too sure he wants the story told, but if it must be told, concerned that it be a true, unvarnished tale and no hero-worshiping hysteria, with as little as possible about the man, and something about the "single tax"—oh, surely something, in fact as much as possible about "single tax"—and every bit as much about those earliest colleagues of his, Saw and Hearndon, Meigs and Williams, Arnold and Hunt, as about himself. A history of the China Mission is what the doctor wants! Mrs. Macklin, eager that the account be well and worthily told and that it carry the romance, the appeal, the moving drama of missionary work as lived by her husband. Miss Lyon, marshaling all her orderly knowledge and drawing upon her well-catalogued memory that a detailed, correct, and vivid story may be told. Miss Kelly, concerned that a throbbing missionary passion shall pervade the pages and the glow of missionary service touch all who read. Three of them concerned that the doctor's life story be painted in living words, and all of them eager to make known the beloved China to which the four have given combined service of one hundred and fifty-six years, representing four distinct phases of missionary work—evangelistic, medical, educational, and the Christian home. It so chances that all the years of all of them were served in Nanking. Four missionaries

retired from active service, full of energy and love for the work, they rest not from their labors. Surely their works do follow them.

Where could we have brought together four more kindred souls or four more capable of telling this story? And it is their story as we have told it from the facts which they so lovingly and painstakingly assembled. Woven out of rich memories now gay, now tender, then serious and saddened. Gladness and sorrow, realization and disappointment, high ambition and thwarted hope, successful plans and unfulfilled desires, enduring loyalty and broken faith, mingle freely, for this after all is but a cross section of life—life that sounds an uplifting note of joyous devotion, revealing the supreme happiness and brimming blessings that come from consecrated, self-forgetting service, compelling all to similar living.

How wonderful if we might have listened to their reminiscences, delved with them into old letters and records, looked over their shoulders at pictures and scrolls, heard their delighted laughter, brushed aside with them the starting tear, watched the gleam of eye, caught the glory of lighted faces, and heard the glowing words as they remembered and recorded that we might read. To them goes our warmest appreciation for the careful assembling of the material from which this story has been woven. Theirs the story, ours but the words in which it is told.

When first I was asked, "Would you like to do this book?" I wondered guiltily when I had been caught thinking aloud. Hadn't I for a half dozen years been cherishing the secret desire to do this very thing? Now that the opportunity was at my door I hesitated, finding within myself no other qualifications than firm conviction that it ought to be done, intense love for all missionary work, and yearning desire to put Dr. Macklin within the pages of a book.

And that I find is by no means easy. This unassuming gray man one never could put between the covers of a book any more than one could pour him into a missionary mold

and confine him to regular programs and plans for work. One never could keep him put, which helps explain, perhaps, the variety and color of his half-century of service. But if somehow we can help you to understand this great-hearted man then we shall also have caught and held for you the very essence of the Master's "Go, heal, teach, preach," for Macklin of Nanking did but follow the Man of Galilee in serving his fellows.



PART ONE:

THE YEARS THAT GO BEFORE



*Sons are the gift of heaven, and it finds a place for each on earth, where he can fulfil his duties; therefore you need have no anxiety about them.*

—CHINESE LITERATURE.

## THE YEARS THAT GO BEFORE

"It's a boy!" So the midwife told the father, William Macklin, a prosperous merchant in the little village of Bid-dulph, near London, in the province of Ontario, Canada. May 19, 1860, was the date and William Edward Macklin was the name which the father then laboriously recorded in the big family Bible. One other child had preceded this baby into the home and five others were to follow ere the mother, when her youngest was but a year old, slipped out of life.

William Macklin, the father, was Irish. Born in County Tyrone near Dublin, the son of a Methodist minister, he migrated to Canada at the age of nineteen and soon established himself as a merchant. Little concerned with a family tree or pedigreed ancestry, the doctor relates with twinkling eye how two of his "lady cousins" journeyed to Ireland to look up the relatives, to find to their consternation in Dublin a boys' college that had been founded by a pirate named "Macklin." O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees* tells us that "Donal, king of Aileich, the hundred and seventy-ninth monarch who reigned in the twelfth century, was the ancestor of MacLaughlin [Anglicized, Macklin], the name meaning 'strong at sea!'" Conspicuous in the family crest shown in this same book is the design of an anchor. And this Donal was born in County Tyrone even as was the father of Dr. Macklin. So whether it was the pirate or the king, the kingly symbols as well as the anchor appearing in the family coat of arms, or a combination of both, that furnished the doctor's ancestry, concerns him but little. Dismissing the work of all bands of pedigree hunters as wasteful time, the doctor remarks that it is undetermined in his own mind whether it is more honorable to be descended from Irish kings or from a pirate with sufficient scholastic taste to establish a college. Incidentally, this boys' school still carries on in Dublin.

William Edward Macklin spent only the earliest years of his life in the quiet village of his birth, for the family moved to a larger town and then on to still larger places, Guelph, Woodstock, Barrie, Stratford, and finally settled in Toronto. It was the mother's concern for her children's welfare that caused each move. The business prospered and in old age the father was at the head of a thriving mercantile firm in Stratford to which place the family had moved when the educational needs of the growing children no longer kept them in Toronto. After he retired, leaving the business in the hands of a son, he continued going "down to the store" almost daily until his death in 1921.

The mother, Hester Ann Godfrey, was of French-Irish extraction. "The blessings in this world are mothers and wives," says the doctor. "My mother was a good Christian; she urged me to read a chapter in the Bible every day." And this promise, faithfully kept, he feels did much to save him from the corrupting influence of atheistic and depraved companions. Though the children were still young when the mother died, her determination that they have the best educational advantages and her ideals for them so prevailed that all seven were carefully educated and attained high standing in their chosen line of work—three doctors, two merchants, one musician, and one business woman. One daughter, Daisy, followed her brother into medical missionary work and was for some years associated with him in China. Then in Stratford in her home province she carried on a successful practice, having her own hospital, until her death in 1925. The daughter who chose music became an accomplished musician, held an enviable place in the Toronto School of Music where she received her training, and was widely recognized for her unusual talent.

The Macklin home was a hospitable, bountiful, and comfortable place. Theirs was a normal, happy family life. The long table around which the children gathered was abundantly spread with sensible, health-building foods. The proverbial



"early to bed and early to rise" rule was enforced, though there was much good-natured grumbling as the children invented reasons for staying up as late as possible at night and listened in the morning to as many calls as they dared, knowing when patience gave way to the don't-let-me-call-you-again tone. Strenuous outdoor exercise, quieter games indoors, friendly tussles, unrestrained romps, jokes, pranks, quick retaliation, hot words sometimes—the give-and-take that characterizes large families everywhere. Games, books, apples, and nuts for long winter evenings around the fire; other games and quiet conversation outdoors in the long summer twilight. Each child had his own responsibilities and his own chores and thus they grew up in an atmosphere of mutual sharing and mutual co-operation. Nothing spectacular or different marked the regular routine of their living, but the influence of the home went deep into each child's soul, molding him for useful living.

Twice on Sunday the Macklin children with sleek, well-groomed appearance were sent *en masse* to Sunday school, in the morning to the Episcopal church and in the afternoon to the Methodist. During the week the alert small boy, known as "that Willie Macklin," was equally active in various and less commendable ways. Little if anything about the town escaped this growing lad and his gang. His inquiring spirit investigated everything, his decisive nature pronounced judgment, his ardent soul attempted solutions. To hasten his growing up, for he did so want to be big, he started smoking and when but eight or nine was able to smoke three big cigars in succession. At twelve he decided that smoking might be injurious and immediately stopped. Profane language among the town boys was a mark of brilliancy, so he set to work to excel in this line also until he overheard another lad, his father's delivery boy, rebuke one of his companions. And straight off that custom was discarded. "I got the benefit and quit," is his terse way of putting it. His favorite friend professed to be an atheist but young Willie argued for faith and between the two juvenile contenders many a long hot argument ensued.

At the age of sixteen he graduated from high school, referred to as "The Academy" in Toronto, and that same year entered the University of Toronto, enrolling in the school of medicine.

One of the happiest memories of his earlier years is of that summer between high school and medical training. His father entrusted to him the responsibility of going alone to the Muskoka region of many lakes and renting a cottage in which the family was to spend the summer. A very desirable house was found and here the housekeeper came with the other children. The older brother had already left home, the oldest sister was fourteen, the youngest still a baby, and the mother had but a short while before passed on into the larger life. One wonders if there were already evident in this youth the traits that caused his mission board not so many years later to lay upon him the responsibility of going alone into China to seek out a suitable location for a new work even as the father sent him alone to find a summer home for his motherless children.

Hunting, fishing, exploring the islands in the lake; sailing, rowing, picking huckleberries that grew in such profusion; the triumph of shooting a few partridges though his clothes were torn to shreds in the pursuit; a fire in the brush and a wild night of stamping out the flames—these are his memories of that care-free and happy summer.

It was in the fall of 1876 that Willie Macklin, only sixteen years old, entered the medical school in Toronto. He was a slender, not very rugged lad with a fresh, winsome, and boyish face. His straightforward and winning way of looking directly into one's eyes caused people to feel at once that here was a boy to depend upon. His strength of character and his ability to make decisions and stay by them were demonstrated by an incident on that first day of his medical school life. While waiting in the lecture hall for the first class, someone proposed that the fellows all chip in and buy beer for the crowd—a good

way to start their medical career. Young Macklin paid his share but refused his drink, saying to himself, "If I start now drinking with the fellows I may become a drunkard."

During his first year in medical school an injury to the knee joint sustained in a football skirmish caused inflammation that kept him in bed for many days and later sent him hobbling to lectures on crutches. Big medical books propped up before him on the bed had been so zealously studied, however, that he was not one whit behind his classes. At the end of four years he was graduated with honors, ranking second in a class of seventy-five. A set of books on surgery was the prize for this attainment. Because of his ability he had been urged to try for the gold medal prize, the coveted honor of the school, but fearing that it would be injurious to his health to tie himself to such heavy study he wisely refrained, feeling that a strong body would be a greater asset than a gold medal.

The father, delighted with his son's record in medical school, showered him with gifts and took him on a trip down the St. Lawrence River, through the Thousand Islands and the Lachine Rapids. Ashore they visited the interesting spots in the cities and towns, stopped at the best hotels, had a gay and comradely time, a delightful experience for this father and son who in a few short years and for the rest of the father's life would be half a world apart.

He was not yet twenty years old when he won his medical degree and license to practice. According to law the age is twenty-one but this young man, acting on the advice of an official to whom he had confided his difficulty, simply omitted the information as to his age and, no questions being asked, accepted his degree and license. Later when he became a Christian and was troubled over this deception he went to the registrar of the school and offered to make amends. "If your conscience troubles you, get down on your knees and pray it off," was the consolation given.

And now to practice. A distant relative, an old physician, urged him to begin his medical career in a country community

in his home province. Together they tramped the countryside and as he saw how the old doctor was everywhere greeted with deepest affection and received with warmest welcome he decided that he, too, would be a country doctor. In the little Canadian village of Poplar Hill, near the town of his birth, he hung out his sign and awaited his first call. Soon he had patients scattered over an area of six and seven miles in every direction. In fine summer weather his bicycle carried him from place to place; when roads were muddy he drove in an open buggy or rode horseback; in the winter when for many months snow piled the roads and lanes that led to anxious homes he used a sleigh or struggled through deep drifts on foot. A country doctor whose boots were sometimes muddy, whose trousers were not always properly creased, who needs must wear rough outdoor clothing.

In many an humble home he gulped the cup of steaming black coffee before going out into the midnight blackness; he ate hurried meals at the corner of many a kitchen table; he washed his hands at well-stoops before hurrying to the waiting sufferers; he kept all-night vigils, slipping away to his boarding-house home as gray morning light enveloped the hills and the town. He identified himself fully with the life of his patients. Whatever the weather or the hour, he was ready to answer when they called. He brought freshness, vigor, and bluff friendliness into their homes. He shared their festivities and rejoiced with them when healing was assured. His steadiness gave comfort to the bereaved. His cheeriness relieved tense hours of uncertainty. Strained faces at watching windows eased when they saw their doctor coming. He was young but he held the confidence of all in firmest fashion. He accepted their fees and stammered thanks in an offhand manner. He loved his patients and they in turn loved him.

Indians lived in the community and one day there came to the doctor's office an uncommunicative squaw. To the doctor's



question, "What is the matter with you?" she retorted. "You're the doctor, you ought to know!" and stalked off in high dudgeon. Generally, however, he was more successful and his practice grew. Books were not very carefully kept nor was there any systematic effort toward collecting fees, but there was a comfortable income, the largest he has ever had. By the time he had practiced four years his savings amounted to two thousand dollars, which money was largely expended in special preparation for missionary service.

Active in all affairs of the community, young Dr. Macklin put in four happy, busy years in Poplar Hill. He joined the bicycle club and was the leader in merry occasions. Girls liked the vigorous, successful young doctor but his heart remained fancy-free. They were just girls to him! Among the young men he was equally popular though he ever refused to drink with them just as he refused the offered wine in his patients' homes. He was steadily true to the decision made in the beginning of his medical student days. Drinking was general not only in public places but in the homes as well, but he lost no friends though he worked actively and ceaselessly in the cause of prohibition. He organized three debating societies which brought mental stimulus and enjoyment to the entire countryside. The community expressed the esteem and affection in which they held him by presenting him with a heavy gold watch and chain when he left them for a far-away land. A glance at the record of his years among them as engraved in the case brought happy memories and a mist to the eyes many a time as in the midst of strange experiences he recalled those pleasant easy-going years.

In childhood he had attended Sunday school twice each Sunday. All through medical school and after entering into practice he had gone to church regularly. From his youth he had listened to people talk of "being converted," wondered what the experience was like, wished it would come to him. But somehow he had never been stirred to a yielding of himself to



the Master's way. And then during his first year of medical practice T. D. Garvin, an ardent and logical-minded preacher of the Disciples of Christ, held a "protracted meeting" in the little Christian church in the village. For the first time to William E. Macklin the way was made clear and his mind was satisfied. Head in the air, with firm tread he marched down the aisle, accepted his Christ, and was baptized. He became a devoted member of the church and with his usual energetic spirit entered into all its activities. Later T. D. Garvin said of him: "Having put on Christ he immediately began to work for the Master and soon displayed marked ability in Sunday school and other church work. With no small degree of pride I have watched the manly growth of my son in the gospel and I am not surprised to see him a standard bearer in the advance corps of the army of the Lord that is now marching upon the 'Flowery Kingdom' to win its millions to Christ."

But it was not all serious, purposeful living, not for this fun-loving Dr. Macklin. Jokes and pranks there were in those days just as there have ever been in this man's life. There was the time that he and Matt Glads, a young medical student who was studying with him (imagine this doctor just past twenty having under his tutelage an aspiring student of medicine!), secured some very delicious looking snow apples and dipped them in a fluid extract of capsicum (plain pepper!). These they placed in a dish on the table in the waiting room and then, seating themselves in the doorway of the office, proceeded conspicuously to eat apples, taking care to select only those that had not received the "treatment." Soon their quarry, the hotel keeper across the street, fell into the snare set for him. When he joined them in the doorway he was urged hospitably to have an apple. With the first bite he sputtered, coughed, angrily berated the two young doctors, and then fell heartily into the fun of seeing the apples tried out on other unsuspecting victims. Main Street that afternoon rocked with merriment.

"Life was one continued picnic," says the doctor in reminiscent mood, but thoughts of China ever closely crowding these memories of other days cause him to add loyally, "but so was my life in China just as interesting." Find out more if you can from this rather taciturn man regarding his early years. To him they were but preparatory to the years given to China, and of China he prefers to speak.



PART TWO:

## THE PIONEER



*Now the man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks to enlarge others.*

—CONFUCIUS.



## ANOTHER NEW MISSIONARY

Stirred first by the call of Africa, young Macklin volunteered for medical service in that land; he was later appointed and sent to Japan; he finally landed in China to be the pioneer missionary of the Disciples of Christ to that land. And it happened on this wise.

In his Poplar Hill boarding-house room one night Dr. Macklin pored over his medical books and journals as was his custom. As the hour grew late and the oil lamp burned dim, warning him that he soon would be left in darkness, he reached for his Bible to read his chapter for the day, keeping faithfully the promise made to his mother. Near his elbow lay the newest copy of *The Christian Standard* and that also he read regularly and carefully. Turning its pages hurriedly, for the light would not last much longer, he came across an editorial under the title, "The Laborers Are Few," written by the brilliant Isaac Errett, then president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Shaking the lamp to get the last possible rays of light, he read to the end that impassioned plea for missionary service in Africa. There was little sleep for the perturbed doctor that night as he tossed restlessly on his bed. A doctor was needed to help open new missionary work on the Congo. He was young, trained, ready. He was unmarried. There were no family responsibilities to deter him, not even a girl enshrined as yet in his heart. He was stirred. The way was plain before him. Querulously he wished it were not so plain, for he had a splendid practice in Poplar Hill, it was growing all the while, the way to success was assured. He had made a place for himself in the community. He was giving real help to the village church. With such thoughts he tried to convince himself that he might stay. But there was Africa, and in Africa the need was greater than at home, his honest soul told him. To one who was accus-

tomed to think clearly and face facts squarely decision soon came. Action characteristically following decision, a letter was soon on its way to Cincinnati, Ohio, headquarters of the mission board that had issued the call, in which he offered himself for foreign service. Not the moving appeal of the splendid missionary literature of the present day, not the stirring plea of furloughed missionaries, or the resistless call of great conventions, but the frank facing of a need and the honest realization that he could answer wrought conviction to his practical soul.

The plans for Africa being postponed, the board, satisfied as to the worthiness of their newest volunteer, asked if he would go either to Japan or India. New work had recently been opened and doctors were needed in both these fields. Being susceptible to malaria, he chose Japan as the better field for him. He gave as references T. D. Garvin, whose preaching had brought him to a decision for Christ, and O. G. Hertzog. The latter was a zealous preacher whose labors had extended from Ohio into the province of Ontario, Canada, where he and Dr. Macklin had become friends. At the time of the doctor's entering the United States for special medical study, Mr. Hertzog was serving as inspector of customs at Niagara Falls and saw to the speedy passing through the customs of his young friend's baggage, books, and surgical instruments. Strange that this older man and Dr. Macklin should have been such fast friends, for not many years later Mr. Hertzog's son-in-law, Dr. Elliott I. Osgood, and Dr. Macklin were the closest of friends and most congenial of colleagues in China.

As soon as he was appointed to medical service in Japan, Dr. Macklin began making plans for special preparation for the task. With the money he had saved during his four years of practice he set out to give six months to postgraduate study and hospital experience in New York and London. In the New York Polyclinic grave and dignified doctors shook their heads over him. "Too bad he is going out to the mission field! Wasting his life like that! Why, he's the best all-round man

we've ever had!" Several specialists made tempting offers of partnership practice in New York City but to each he gave brusque refusal and went his way completely dominated by the work to which he had set himself. In London it was study of the eye that especially claimed him and there as in New York he won a large place for himself. There, too, he became fast friends with the well-beloved W. T. Moore, pastor of the London Tabernacle, a Disciples of Christ congregation. Little more than a year later two young men from Dr. Moore's Bible class answered Macklin's call to China, the first recruits to join him in the new work.

After his special medical preparation, he sailed from London on the long sea voyage to Japan. Across the Mediterranean, through the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the China Sea his boat made its leisurely way and gave time to visit the port cities where it tied up for cargo. He would have liked to see something of the countries along the way, recognizing the value of observing the methods of missionary work in many lands, but sickness among the Japan missionaries caused him to forego, indeed to forget, that desire in his eagerness to be in the place that needed him. The fires of missionary passion were already consuming him. And so in as short a time as the voyage could be completed he came to Japan.

Landing in Nagasaki, well to the south in the island kingdom, he at once wired news of his arrival to the waiting missionaries in the far northern Akita, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Garst and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith. Back to him came the saddening message that Mrs. Smith was being buried that very day, March 25, 1885. The trip to Akita used the better part of a month. Railroads were few in the land and coastwise vessels were the best means of transportation. From Nagasaki to Yokohama; to Hakodate, the most northern port of the mainland of Japan reached by larger steamers; then a very small steamer and very rough seas for the remaining distance proved the undoing of an otherwise good sailor and caused his landing at a port twenty-five miles from his destination

rather than at the customary port just five miles from Akita. Thence by horseback the doctor, his baggage, and a half dozen pigs were transported the last lap of his long way from Canada to Japan. Impatient with so long-drawn-out a journey, perhaps vexed with the discomforts of those last few days at sea, the doctor urged on his Japanese helpers with his oft-repeated admonition, the only Japanese he had learned, "*Akita hayaki, Akita hayaki*" (Akita quick, Akita quick).

What of the pigs? Queer baggage for a youthful arriving missionary! Mr. Smith, hungering for good American ham and bacon, had asked the new missionary to bring some young pigs from Yokohama. These had been bought according to instruction and safely landed at Hakodate, where the Episcopal missionary who had entertained the doctor saw also to the proper care of the pigs. On the last twenty-five-mile horseback ride he carried the six pigs in baskets, three to a basket slung on either side of a pack horse hired for the purpose. But the rough jolting of the way and the activity of the occupants of the wicker baskets completely upset the arrangements and all at once six young shoats were running wild on a village street and rapidly gaining momentum as they were pursued by a pack of barking village dogs. Imagine the doctor, "the best all-round man ever sent out by the New York Polyclinic," ingloriously pursuing his errant pigs, and we venture, breathlessly berating the man who wanted ham and bacon. Did he, one wonders, remember this experience when he asked a present-day new missionary to "bring out a box of bees to China"? The friendly Japanese villagers, delighted with this unexpected diversion, joined willingly in the pursuit though they could understand not a word of this gesticulating stranger. Words were not needed. It was evident that the foreigner wanted to catch those pigs!

Pigs in the baskets, "*Akita hayaki*," and he was on his way knocking at midnight on the door of the mission. Soon the missionaries were up and ready to welcome this newest recruit



whose first request was for water but whose thirst did not keep him from asking, "Is it boiled?" On the very threshold of his missionary experience he revealed his concern for health not alone for himself but for all the missionaries associated with him.

The pigs went into the strong pen prepared for them and Mr. Smith watched their growth with hungry interest. When they stood on their hind legs squealing for food, he would humorously remark that they were putting on their streak of lean! But with all his care the ham and bacon experiment was doomed to failure for lack of experience in properly curing the meat. Another missionary project come to naught!

Less than four days after his arrival Dr. Macklin watched at the bedside as Mr. Smith's daughter followed her mother beyond the portal. In the foreign plot in the Akita cemetery they laid the month-old baby beside the mother and twelve hours later the doctor was watching beside another bedside when a son, Hartzel, was born in the Garst home. "And thus," says Mrs. Garst in her book, *In the Shadow of the Drum Tower*, "into a home chastened by joy and sorrow, grief and pain, came the kindly, efficient physician-friend."

Nine months he tarried in Akita, getting a good grasp of the difficult Japanese language. Nothing escaped the observation of this alert young student and he soon came to feel that Japan was not a suitable field for medical missions. The emperor, in the country's zeal for improvement and modernization, had asked the kaiser of Germany to send him a staff of physicians and surgeons to start a medical college and a hospital. Graduates from this school were already practicing in all the important towns, and medical schools and hospitals were being established. Medical missionaries were not really needed; their presence indeed was resented by the Japanese doctors. Medical missions, it seemed, would be more of a hindrance than a help to the furthering of the teachings of Christ in Japan.

But there was no question about doctors being needed in China. Lack of sanitation, superstitious beliefs, and ignorant



practices made for suffering and death in China. Surely in that land would be found opportunity for both physical healing and Christian teaching. Many a conference that small group of missionaries in far Akita must have had ere a decision was reached. It would take their young doctor away and the Akita missionaries had grown very fond of him. He had brought new zest into their daily living. He lured them to the seashore five miles away for swimming and brisk returning walks. He persuaded or goaded them, whichever was necessary, into other unaccustomed exercises, beneficial to health and a relief from too heavy responsibilities. He played his jokes and took his turn at being teased. There was the matter of Mr. Garst's "anti-foreign cow." "She has a grudge against all foreigners," insisted Garst. "If you deal with her firmly enough she can be brought to terms," argued Macklin, and attempted to prove his point all to the young missionary's undoing and the other man's I-told-you-so laughter. The Japan missionaries were loath to let him go. Neither was it easy for him to pull up stakes and set forth on new venturing. He liked the missionary group and enjoyed the missionary children. He liked the happy home life. Then, too, there was a picture of a lovely, winsome maiden, Mrs. Garst's "little sister." He'd like to meet her and if he stayed on perhaps he might.

But China needed doctors. Japan did not. The blood of the pioneer flowed in his veins. The call of the something-lost-beyond-the-ranges had him in its grip. The seeking, far-away look was in his eye. The impulse to break new trails was upon him and the yearning to serve where need was greatest—he must go and see. Letters dispatched by the doctor and by the other members of the Japan mission to the home board stated the situation and asked permission to enter China. After weeks of uncertainty and anxious waiting, foreign mail came and a letter authorized Dr. Macklin to go to China and select a location for a mission of the Disciples of Christ there.

Just nine months after landing in Nagasaki, Dr. Macklin was again in that city, bound once more on strange adventure

to a strange land. Now he was on his way to China, and his real life work was about to begin. The Inland Sea, broodingly calm and hauntingly beautiful, was soon behind him, and the Yellow Sea, stained with the soil of China carried by the mighty Yangtze, restless and disturbed by perverse winds, stretched ahead. A few days and the coast of China and the wide mouth of the Yangtze were plainly discernible. This young man of scarce twenty-six—we see him on that twenty-ninth day of January in 1886 standing on the deck of the small ship on which he had taken passage. Young to be a pioneer, he is boyish-looking, clean-shaven, with square chin and clear blue eyes. Determined purpose and indomitable will are revealed in his set of shoulders. With him there will be no turning back. Purity of character and chastity of thought are discernible in that face set now unflinchingly toward an alien land. Belief in God and the work he has come to do are also there, else how could he face so steadily forward? Fellow-passengers turn to watch and are strangely stirred by that lonely youth at the rail, oblivious to all but the approaching shore. Up the lordly Yangtze where the mouth of the river is seventy miles wide, the ship is now in the Whangpo River and nearer shore. Now he is near enough to the clustered houseboats to see those interesting virile folk who spend the sum of their days within the narrow confines of their crowded crafts, so near that he can see not alone the poverty and squalor of their living but also the unconquerable courage and the need of these unnumbered houseboat people. He lifts his eyes to the nearer view of Shanghai, a modern city with its wide, well-paved water-front street and its foreign-looking buildings. He watches the approach to the piers of the city where the ships of the world tie up. A motley, gesticulating, surging mass mills around—it must be all of China's people are here on the dock, all talking at once, shrilling the strange sounds and accents of a language in which to the foreigner there is never a familiar note. Frightening confusion in which to be landed alone, and he is so very much alone. No mis-

sionary friends to welcome him, no one in all the land who even knows of his arrival, no established work, a depressing loneliness ought by all odds to have settled over him and made him yearn to remain within the friendly familiar quarters of the ship that had carried him there. To one other land only had the Disciples of Christ sent a missionary alone to open new work. Alexander Cross, an educated Negro slave, was set free and sent from a Kentucky plantation to open work in Liberia. But Alexander Cross went to his own race and people. William E. Macklin went to a people that cherished hatred and contempt for his race.

But for the pioneer it is always "Farther on! Beyond!" When there was a hard task to be tackled, this young man had always gone straight at it. So now, thrusting aside rising doubts, he assembled his baggage and was soon ashore, seemingly the very center of that shouting, shoving, milling throng whose common desire was summed up in the cry, "Carry your baggage? Ricksha, sir?" Through the customs and he was riding in one of these tiny, graceful, man-drawn jinrikishas with the rather shamed feeling that always overwhelms the newcomer in the Orient at the thought of riding in a carriage pulled by a man, although the man is strong, fleet of foot, cheerful, and obviously more than pleased to have a passenger. Along the busy streets, dodging jinrikishas too numerous to count, missing by a hair's breadth the vendors who crowded the ways with their wares arrayed in baskets swung from long carrying poles, past the human burden-bearers straining under their heavy loads, through all the confusion that is the Orient, and so to the Temperance Hotel where the bumpy bed in the room assigned to him soon convinced him that "flowery beds of ease" were not a part of a missionary's equipment.

For more than two months the new missionary tarried in Shanghai, studying the language, history, geography, and customs of China, and learning all he could of the missionary enterprise in that land of four hundred million people. But being a student only did not satisfy his active nature and he

soon found work that a newcomer could do. He was asked to speak at the Sailors' Home, a hostelry for sailors who came ashore from the ships at anchor in the river. For some time he preached regularly to these men whose lives were marked by light-hearted, happy-go-lucky living and who were inclined to forget all the restrictions and influences for good that had marked their days in their home countries. They put confidence in this straightforward young man who talked in a practical sort of way of Christian living. Ten of them came to make confession and were baptized by him. The missionary had entered into his task.



## CHINA

In his room in the Temperance Hotel in Shanghai the youthful missionary, with books piled high in disorderly confusion and impetuous haste, earnestly sought not only to learn the language but also to know the land and the people—all this in the shortest possible time. And if we are to feel familiar in Dr. Macklin's China as we follow him in his work, it may be well for us also to pause on the threshold of our entrance for a brief study of that land, so vast and so ancient, and of those people, a fourth of the world's folk, rugged, virile, patient, and capable. The bigness of the land, the masses of the people, the antiquity of the civilization, and the unbroken centuries of existence as a nation are the formidable weapons with which China overwhelms the casual student. A sense of utter helplessness, fumbling inadequacy, and rapidly increasing humility takes possession of one who, knowing China but slightly, has the unparalleled presumption to attempt to portray in brief words the magnificent sweep of centuries. To all who know and love their China, we make humblest apology!

Extending from Siberia's arctic cold to southland's tropic heat, China embraces some of the world's most productive and fertile land as well as brooding desert waste. Limitless plains lead on to majestic mountains. Tropic profusion and tangled jungle give way to barren stretches guiltless of vegetation. Mighty rivers furrow the land. Walled cities and unprotected villages rest in their centuries-old locations. Temples, pagodas, graves everywhere. If laid upon North America, the land that is China would reach from Seattle to Halifax, from Winnipeg to Mexico's most southern tip. This territory, including China's dependencies as well as the eighteen provinces that make up the real China, has furnished the stage for the long, absorbing drama that is her history.



Historically, the records of China are unquestioned as far back as 766 B.C. Information is looked upon as "reasonably reliable" and authentic back as far as 1766 B.C., while definite dates for rulers and events are given even to the year 2205 B.C., though much of legend is here pleasantly mingled with fact. Chinese history deals also with the almost mythical years stretching back four centuries farther, and reference is made to "twenty-seven hundred years before Christ." Records, excavations, books, and works of art of those long-ago centuries show a very highly civilized state and reveal the almost unbelievable antiquity of the Chinese race. Semi-mythical rulers guided the destiny of this great and sturdy people through those years when historic fact and legendary tale are so delightfully and convincingly interwoven. Marriage and the family system that still holds sway were instituted, means of transportation were developed, methods of communication were established, agriculture was taught, wild animals were domesticated, the medicinal value of herbs was discovered and put to use, cities, canals, and dykes were built, the calendar was improved, and the country was moving onward to the time of the great Chow dynasty, 1122-255 B.C., longest dynasty in China's long history of twenty-five dynasties. During these years China's undisputed history begins.

It was in the time of the Chow dynasty that China's three great philosophers were born, Laotze, Confucius, and Mencius. Elaborate court ceremonials and ceremonial dress were instituted and the feudal system was established, its rapid growth and strength so weakening the central government that in time a new dynasty replaced the old. With this Chin or Tsin dynasty came the division of the country into provinces over which governor-generals were set, and the building of the Great Wall, one of the world's most stupendous accomplishments. When it was completed in 214 B.C. it marched superbly in unbroken line for twenty-seven hundred miles across North China, an impregnable and impressive boundary.

The Tsin dynasty, the shortest in China's history, was little praised or loved, for it ordered the burning of vast libraries and the execution of hundreds of literati.

Then came the Han dynasty which extended from 205 B.C. to A.D. 25 and marked the real unity of the Chinese people. This was a period so glorious and well loved that Chinese people even today in all parts of the land except in the south call themselves "sons of Han." Learning came again into its rightful place among a people who honored the scholar above all others, libraries were restored, sacrifices at the tomb of Confucius were begun, and the literary examinations were originated.

From the first century A.D. to the thirteenth century China was ruled by a succession of shorter dynasties extending from four years to four hundred years in length. As these centuries moved steadily onward, the menacing Tartars to the north grew stronger and stronger until the proud Chinese rulers were enduring the ignominy of paying tribute to them. To free themselves the Chinese formed an alliance with the Mongols and thus in time found themselves under Mongol rule. Of these rulers Kublai Khan, who came to the throne in 1280, is best known, his rule having been made familiar to us through the charming tales of that world-renowned traveler and fore-runner of the ever increasing horde of globe-trotters, Marco Polo. If you will believe Marco Polo, and much of what he says you may believe, these were glamorous days with rich pageantry and colorful ceremonies. But it was a foreign rule and therefore hated by the Chinese.

An obscure servant in a Buddhist temple near Nanking overthrew the Mongols and became the first ruler of the new dynasty to which he gave the name Ming. He set up his capital in Nanking in 1355 and in Nanking he lies buried in unbelievable splendor, setting the style for all the Ming tombs, though after his death the capital was moved back to Peking (now Peiping) where all the other Mings ruled and where they lie buried.

The Ming dynasty, last of the native rule of China's empire, lasted three hundred years and then gave way to the Manchus, a tribe of Tartar enemies living in Manchuria. This occurred in the middle of the seventeenth century (1644). The conquering Manchus forced the Chinese to shave the front part of the head and braid the hair into a queue, a sign of subjugation that began to disappear as soon as the revolutionary forces grew active and powerful in the early years of the present century. Intolerance, exclusiveness, and proud aloofness marked the Manchu reign. Foreign nations were, however, learning the advantage of trade with China and were determinedly pushing their way in. In 1637 five English ships rode at anchor in the river that flowed by the thriving city of Canton and commercial relations between the East and the West were definitely established. Severe, heavy, and exasperating restrictions were placed upon the foreigners, but trade prospered. In 1842 the first great Opium War, which is one of the darkest blots on Western efforts to enter the East, came to an end. China was forced to cede the island of Hongkong to England and to open five treaty ports, Canton, Shanghai, Amoy, Foochow, and Ningpo. Here foreigners might live and carry on their activities free from the heavy two-hundred-year-old restrictions, and they entered in rapidly increasing numbers.

Missionaries likewise at this time became more numerous and the greater freedom granted to all foreigners lifted some of the restrictions hampering their activities. As early as the year A.D. 61 the emperor of China, hearing that "the true religion" had been discovered in the West, sent learned men to bring it to China. After seven years these envoys returned with the message of Buddhism. One wonders if by any chance report of the Christ had penetrated China, and what the result would have been had those early seekers found the apostle Paul instead of a follower of Buddha. In A.D. 636 Nestorian Christians were permitted to settle in the capital but little permanent trace of their work has endured. Kublai Khan in his day sent an embassy to Rome asking for one hundred mis-

sionaries but so tardy was the response that Kublai Khan probably never saw the one messenger who finally arrived, a Franciscan priest. From that time until the end of the Mongol dynasty Catholic missionaries of the Franciscan order labored in China. They scarce "scratched the surface of Chinese civilization," however, and were soon forgotten.

Two centuries later, under the rule of the Mings, the Jesuit, Francis Xavier, entered this land so disdainful of the foreigner and so determined to bar his entrance. He died in a short while of fever but new recruits who came at his bidding set to work to learn the language and become a real part of Chinese life. In 1601 Matthew Ricci, another justly famed Jesuit, reached Peking, having already lived for a time in Nanking. He became very popular with many scholars and soon the Jesuits were much in demand. Their contribution to China includes many scientific treatises, standardization of the calendar, mathematics, maps and surveys of the country, the national observatory with its antiquated though accurate instruments located on the walls of Peking—and the casting of cannon! Their religious teachings took on a considerable flavor of Confucianism but they accomplished much good and it was probably their good works that brought about, late in the same century that was marked by the entrance of Ricci, the Manchu emperor's edict of religious toleration. This was later withdrawn and difficulties, opposition, and danger marked the progress of Christian teaching whose messengers must have been often lonely and discouraged. But the teaching was slowly making its way in the midst of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, and following the entrance of Matthew Ricci, Christianity was never entirely shut out. In 1807 the first Protestant missionary to enter China, Robert Morrison, stepped from the deck of an American trading vessel to the wharf of Canton.

Wars from without and uprisings from within made difficult the days of the Manchu rulers. Western nations wrung additional concessions. Japan's crushing defeat created within the Chinese their first desire for things foreign and the feel-



ing that power and prestige might be gained through intercourse with other nations. Among the many domestic difficulties that relentlessly pursued the rulers of the land was the Taiping Rebellion which broke out in the south and spread rapidly, being most intense in the Yangtze Valley. It was started by a group of Chinese who had received some Christian teachings and, misguided, ignorant, and fanatical, attempted thus to propagate their faith and to destroy every vestige of any other belief. Later, perhaps, the rebellion was more markedly a stab at the imperial house and an attempt to weaken Manchu prestige among foreign nations. From 1851 to 1864 the rebellion raged. In Nanking and in many other cities great desecration was effected, works of art, temples, pagodas, and other irreplaceable treasures being destroyed.

Meanwhile in the emperor's household interesting events were taking place, involving and bringing to the fore people whose names are familiar to us because of more recent happenings. Hein Feng, ruler during these years of rebellions within and wars from without, had taken as a concubine in 1852 a beautiful maiden of Peking who four years later bore him his only son. Hein Feng died in 1861 while the Taiping Rebellion was in full swing and left his troubled throne to this small son, Tung Chi, then just five years old. At Tung Chi's birth his mother, Tzu Hsi, though only a concubine, was raised to joint position with the true empress, who was childless. These two for some years following the emperor's death shared the responsibilities of regent. But Tzu Hsi, being the more capable, gradually came into full power, China's well-known empress dowager whose strong hand steered the empire's course for nearly fifty years.

At the age of seventeen Tung Chi came to the throne but died two years later leaving no heir to the throne. Quickly the empress dowager, Tzu Hsi, in her outreaching ambition and greed for power succeeded through intrigue in declaring Kwang Su, the infant son of her sister, heir to the throne. This would give her another long regency. She weakened her



prestige, however, by thus violating the sacred rule of ancestor worship so dear to every Chinese heart. The ancestral rites can be performed only by a member of a generation younger than those whom it is his duty to honor. Kwang Su, being the cousin of Tung Chi, could not, therefore, lawfully perform these rites and the repose of the soul of the recently departed emperor was not provided for. A woman less capable could never have lived down such an act but Tzu Hsi ruled firmly and acceptably, hated by some, feared by others, loved by a few, respected by many. In the midst of uncertainty and confusion she was a steady, imperious force. So she carried forward her work until 1889 when Kwang Su came to the throne, a far more liberal-minded youth than his dowager aunt could have wished!

He had had the best of tutors and from them had imbibed ideas which led him in the summer of 1898 to a series of edicts that startled his China and the world and upset his domineering old aunt more than a little. One after another he set forth plans for reforms, breath taking in scope and involving close contacts with the Western world and the introduction of many Western inventions, customs, and learning. Tzu Hsi was absent from Peking but wasted no time in rushing home to curb this radical young upstart. When Kwang Su heard that the powerful Yuan Shih-kai, on whom he had counted for help in carrying out his reforms, was siding with his aunt and that he was surrounded by imperial troops, he released his power and scepter to his autocratic aunt and for the rest of his days lived virtually a prisoner in the palace to which he was assigned. His advisers and leaders in the reform movement, many of whom had been his tutors in another day, were scattered; many of them were executed; and a great wave of anti-foreign feeling followed close upon the plans to bring Western ways into China in wholesale fashion.

The empress dowager took up the affairs of state with the set of shoulders, firmness, grim determination, and crusading spirit with which an American housewife rolls up her sleeves

and goes at the spring cleaning. China under Kwang Su and his cohorts had brought the country to the very verge of revolution. Tzu Hsi with keen zest swept the popular feeling too far in the opposite direction and at the close of the nineteenth century the hatred of the foreigners and the resentment toward them that had been accumulating through the ages became suddenly articulate. What is more, most of the resentment that had smouldered against the Manchus was cleverly diverted against the foreigner. The Boxer society, an organization whose avowed purpose was to drive out all foreigners and stamp out all things foreign, grew rapidly more powerful and in the summer of 1900 its fury burst all bounds. More than two hundred missionaries and more than ten thousand Chinese Christians met martyr deaths. For two months the foreign legations in Peking were under siege and were cut off from communication with their anxious countries. When foreigners marched into Peking to save their besieged legations, the empress dowager and Kwang Su fled. Greatly chastened and at least outwardly repentant, Tzu Hsi now recognized that the demand for constitutional government was too insistent to be longer flouted. When things quieted down and she came back to the capital, she agreed to plans for a constitution and representative government. It was increasingly evident, however, that her repentance was only a political veneer, and revolutionary plots and outbreaks grew in frequency and violence. But the indomitable dowager went ahead with plans for the succession to the throne. Kwang Su was ill and dying. There was a baby, Pu Yi, whom she would declare the new emperor and perhaps again have another long rule as regent. Kwang Su died one November day in 1908 and Tzu Hsi followed him the next day—for the first time she had permitted him to take the initiative!

The new baby ruler had been established in the palace by the irrepressible empress before her death and the new regent, Prince Chun, was in the place of power, but it was a short-lived and ill-fated reign. Revolutionary plots and organiza-

tions had been growing in influence and boldness and in 1911 it seemed their time had surely come. One of the most powerful and active of their organizations was in the Yangtze Valley with Nanking as its center, a fact which especially concerns this story since Dr. Macklin played an important part in the settling of the city's destiny.

In October the storm broke. October 10, 1911, is China's Independence Day. In a short while fifteen of the eighteen provinces had declared for the republic. Sun Yat-sen, China's foremost revolutionist, who had been living for many years in exile because of his democratic views and activities, now came hurrying home and in the closing days of 1911 was elected president of the new Republic of China with Nanking as the capital. But the proud Manchus still kept up their pretense of ruling in the imperial palaces of the Forbidden City, consenting, however, to Yuan Shih-kai's arrangements for representatives of both the imperialists and republicans to come together early in 1912 to plan for the new government. As a result of this conference the regent, Prince Chun, and the little boy emperor abdicated. Manchu rule had formally come to an end. The world's most ancient empire had suddenly become her youngest republic. The proud changeless China with her long-established isolation policy and her steady, quiet, scholarly ways had been thrown into seething unrest and chaos. Age-old customs, systems, and beliefs were discarded for things new, strange, and upsetting. Where there had been little national spirit or feeling of national unity suddenly there was a fiery burning nationalism. A vast and ancient civilization was hurried along the ways of too rapid change. A people who loved peace and order were entering into years of confusion, strife, and insecurity.

An annual allowance was set aside to care for the deposed imperial family and palaces were granted to them in the Forbidden City. Here the young emperor, Pu Yi, and his court lived until 1924 when he was expelled from the palatial For-

bidden City and took refuge in Tientsin. There he continued to dwell until Japan elevated him to the throne of the newly organized state of Manchoukuo in 1932.

Yuan Shih-kai was a man of influence and seemed entirely favorable to the republican form of government. So it was that Sun Yat-sen, believing that Yuan Shih-kai would have the larger following and could more quickly unify the provinces, resigned early in 1912 and Yuan Shih-kai was inaugurated president of the Republic of China with Peking as the seat of government. At heart an imperialist, Yuan played false with the republicans and watched every chance to restore the monarchy with himself on the throne. The imperialistic tendencies that characterized the government in this period led to the second crisis in Nanking in which Dr. Macklin rendered heroic service to that city. Doubtless many a time as he had advised with those who sat upon the "peacock throne" Yuan had yearned to try it for himself. In 1915 his desire was realized and he ascended the throne. But his triumph was brief. The sullen discontent that had been growing among the liberty-minded people became more and more articulate and in little more than three months Yuan Shih-kai stepped down from his throne and restored the republic. Two months later he died.

Now came years of confusion and strife. Sun Yat-sen down in Canton, disappointed with the trend of affairs in the north, set up his rival government. The principles of republican government were taught among the masses. Sun Yat-sen's three principles of nationalism, democracy, and justice gradually became the ideals of more and more people. Meanwhile war lords devastated the land; the presidency could be bought but it carried no power; communism entered, its teachings were accepted by increasing numbers, and its lawless elements seized helpless communities. Social disorganization, civil war, lawlessness, were prevalent when all the weary masses wanted was the chance to live in peace, to till their fields, and harvest their crops. Sun Yat-sen died in 1925 still striving to bring a stable



republican government to his beloved China. The mantle of power fell upon his chief adviser, Chiang Kai-shek. In a short while the northern expedition was launched and a conquering nationalist army was marching northward. City after city welcomed them as deliverers. The cities of the Yangtze Valley yielded gladly and in most places there was no strife or bloodshed. The communist element gained the ascendancy in some places and in Nanking occurred the tragedy of March 24, 1927, when a frenzy of hatred against foreigners was released. Sun Yat-sen had admitted the communists into the Kuomintang or nationalist organization believing there was benefit to be derived from their teachings, but the 1927 incident in Nanking caused Chiang Kai-shek to break with them. Nanking became the capital of the land. Peking, the northern capital, became Peiping, the "northern peace." Since 1927 the land has moved forward in its efforts to establish a stable government for its millions of people. Reforms have been instituted. Modern ways are replacing the old. The opportunity for an education is coming to the masses of illiterate people. China moves forward.

It was during the years while the power of the empress dowager was at its height that Dr. Macklin entered China. For almost a half century he shared actively in all China's affairs, her rapidly changing and modernizing days. He knew the conservative leaders and the unchanging ways of the old China as well as the forward-looking leaders and revolutionary changes of the present day. He saw a "vast civilization in process of transition" and gave assistance and advice to many of the leaders of the old day as well as the new. China—a land so vast and so ancient! China still so vast and so very new!



## AND SO HE CAME TO NANKING

Busy in Shanghai, learning about China, using in his study of the Chinese language the very best method he could find after conference with missionaries, diplomats, and customs officials, Dr. Macklin was asking himself day after day, "Where shall I locate the new mission?" Earnest conversation with experienced missionaries of other communions, observation of the location of other missions and the conditions under which they worked, brought him to the conclusion that Peking was the best place for the new work of the Disciples of Christ. It was a city beautiful, cultured, mellowed with the passing centuries, rich in its treasures of art, architecture, and science. It was the capital and by far the most cherished and best-known city in the land. Travelers, diplomats, high officials, eager students, and honored scholars tarried there. Meeting place of the empire, crossroads of the world! Furthermore, Mandarin was spoken there and Mandarin was the language of fifteen of the eighteen provinces of China and was understood by educated people everywhere. It seemed to the new missionary entrusted with the responsibility of choosing a location that, with his church's plea for Christian union, its missionary work ought to be done in the most nearly universal language. But further study led him to the conclusion that Peking was too far north and that Nanking would be the better location. Peking was the capital now, but Nanking, geographically nearer the center of the country, had been several times the capital and might again be. Nanking also used Mandarin, the official language, and the Nanking Mandarin was considered by many authorities to be more generally understood than the Peking Mandarin. Nanking also was a cultured city and an important literary center of the land. And so it was that Dr. Macklin came to Nanking on April 16, 1886.

By river steamer the trip was made, consuming two nights and one day steaming up the majestic Yangtze, two hundred miles from Shanghai. Approaching Nanking there appears first the lovely peak of Purple Mountain rising in the distance, cloaked in its purplish haze. In the shadow of the mountain rests the city rimmed round with pleasantly sloping, low-lying hills. It faces the river and is well located for beauty, for commerce, and for defense. Its mighty wall, one of the finest in a land justly famed for its many well-built ramparts, is more than twenty miles in circumference, in some places a sheer ascent from the ground rising to the height of fifty, sixty, and even seventy feet, and twenty feet and more in thickness. Mere figures, however, could never describe that massive gray-green wall that girds the city, lending fascination and mystery to Nanking. No description, in fact, could prepare the newcomer for the charm of this "rare old city, home of kings" or for the spell it is sure to cast upon him. Several centuries before Christ, Nanking stood at this bend in the river, a proud prefectural city, repeatedly the capital of the empire, center of commerce and of culture, wielding always powerful political influence. To capture or lose Nanking practically spelled the success or failure of any war. Through the ages magnificent temples, palaces, and pagodas added to the city's beauty and renown. The famed examination halls with their twenty thousand cells were here and the exquisitely beautiful porcelain pagoda "uplifting to the astonished skies its ninefold painted balconies." Much of the ancient glory of the city was destroyed by the ruthless Taipings but there remained sufficient to stir the soul of the arriving missionary and to impress upon him the greatness of the city in whose life he was to share.

The young doctor, again at the rail of an arriving steamer, stood immersed in thought but keenly aware of all that went on round about him as he drew near the city of his choosing. Could he foresee how he would be unwanted, mocked, scorned, persecuted, then sought after, honored, trusted, and loved in

such measure as is given to few men? Before him lay a mighty work destined to span little less than a half century of China living.

The first missionary to live in Nanking was the famous and beloved Jesuit, Father Ricci, who entered in 1599 when times were favorable to the foreigner and thus had no difficulty in securing a house in which to live. In 1867 George Duncan of the China Inland Mission arrived and for some time lived in the old Drum Tower, as no dwelling would open to him. Presbyterian missionaries came in 1875 and Methodists in 1883. Some of them lived in a houseboat on the river until the city granted them dwelling place. Dr. Macklin was the twenty-fourth person to establish himself in the city as a missionary but at the time of his arrival only ten missionaries were then living there.

The old Drum Tower for centuries stood guard over Nanking. Built some four hundred years before Columbus discovered America, it towered over the city, brooding over her strifes and jealousies, her pomp and grandeur, her luxurious living, and her grinding poverty. It had sounded its drums as battle cry and as warning in time of danger. It had given refuge to Mr. Duncan, first Protestant missionary to enter the city. And now on that April day of 1886 it watched over the entrance of one who for many years was to live in its very shadow.

A flat-bottomed boat pushed out from shore to meet the river steamer that could only pause in midstream. Steamboats might puff up and down the Yangtze but Nanking officials permitted none of them to touch its shores. A few years later these restrictions were lifted and boats could tie up at the piers of the busy, bustling little port town of Hsia Kwan where passengers could go ashore, enter the city by a near-by gate, and reach the Drum Tower over a four-mile carriage road. But when Dr. Macklin arrived passengers and baggage were discharged to this flat-bottomed boat which was

lashed to the ship's side. Noisy, jostling coolies did good-natured battle to serve this newest foreigner, as he was transferred from steamer to scow. Next came a donkey ride across open country, then a tiny boat carried him along a circuitous canal, and another donkey ride brought him to the city's gate. Into the city at last he rode and over the uneven slippery cobblestoned streets to a missionary's dwelling where representatives of the Methodist and Presbyterian boards gave him warm welcome. In one of the most congested sections of the city he settled himself, in a building that had been fitted up for a residence and chapel by one of the mission groups. Here he lived in the very midst of China. From a clean, roomy Canadian village to the most congested quarters of a great city in the heart of China! The smells of a city where sanitation was unknown and where poor people were too closely crowded together were strong in his outraged nostrils. The sights of China were vivid to his wide-open watching eyes. High walls shut him out from seeing the clean, comfortable, luxurious living. Only occasionally did he catch glimpses of orderly paved courtyards, beautiful gardens, moon gates, latticed windows. He saw always the closely crowded, dark, unsanitary living quarters of the very poor. He saw well-groomed, silken-robed, scrupulously clean officials and scholars but he also looked upon great crowds of the unkempt, diseased, crippled, hungering, and suffering. In endless procession they passed his door or crowded around him as he wove his way among them in the narrow, twisting streets. The sounds of China were loud, insistent, and penetrating to ears attuned to quieter ways. The beggars' whine, the officials' sharp command, the rhythmic song of the carriers who trudged along with their burdens, the weird wailing of those who sought to forget sorrow or to frighten the evil spirits, the varied calls of the traveling vendors, barbers, or menders. In this first lodging there was neither privacy nor quiet but there was perhaps the best opportunity for an eager young missionary to learn to know his China.



As spring rains combined with approaching summer heat, damp green mold crept up the walls of his Chinese house and made of it an unhealthful place. Swarms of mosquitoes descended upon the young doctor, making his days and nights miserable and causing a severe attack of the malaria to which he was always an easy prey. So it was that he was forced to seek more healthful quarters. Again the older missionaries came to his assistance and helped him to rent an old Buddhist temple, only part of which was being used for Buddhist rites. It was no unusual thing for people to take up residence in temples or to use them as wayside inns. This temple was the well-known Lai-tsz-an (Thistle Abbey) which was to become a familiar, well-loved spot to many missionaries and home to not a few of them. It was situated some distance from the city but within the protecting circle of its walls. A hospitable-looking, rambling old structure, cupped in a friendly little valley enclosed with low-lying hills covered with grassy mounds, the graves that are everywhere on China's unused hillsides. In this quiet country deer and pheasants could sometimes be seen. Bamboo thickets dotted the hillsides and laid their feathery outline against the sky and their sun-flecked shadow upon the ground. It was a pleasant and healthful home, not so near but by no means removed from the city with its persistent sights, sounds, and crowding population. In another part of the abbey lived the priests, who at regular intervals performed their rites. Tinkling bells and musical lulling Buddhist chants were a background for all the missionaries who made their home at Lai-tsz-an.

This old temple had been partially destroyed by the fanatical Taipings not so many years earlier. There was a roof overhead but neither windows nor doors. These the new missionary supplied. His kitchen and dining room on the first floor had only earthen floors but, hard-packed and clean-swept, these did very well. Sleeping quarters he arranged on the second floor. Here he lived comfortably if neither conveniently nor luxuriously. He was an austere young man. Plain living and



high thinking were his twin beliefs. "I am more and more strengthened in the thought of living plainly and unpretentiously so as to be always enabled to do good with the money the Lord has lent. We ought not have too many comforts. The Lord has blessed us in our plans for plainness and economy." Surveying his domain with proud and possessive though honest eye, his never failing humor must have brought a chuckle to his lips as he realized how circumstance had forced him into the strict keeping of his beliefs.

From the beginning there were persecutions to be endured, especially while living in the crowded South Gate district where he sometimes found it necessary to take refuge in the open shops to free himself from hooting crowds that beset him. Stones, bricks, and broken tiles from the roofs were aimed at him. "Foreign devil" was jibed at him. But he was busy, learning the customs of the people, finding his way about the city, seeking opportunities to serve, making known his message by deeds as well as by words, speaking through an interpreter or gradually in scant, stumbling Chinese.

Language study was an engrossing task, and a unique method of learning came to him in a very natural way. Being young and full of energy, stirred by the magnitude of the task, one of the first things this young missionary did was to send out a ringing call for reinforcements. The call was answered by two young men from England, members of Dr. W. T. Moore's Bible class at the London Tabernacle. They would arrive in the fall. The living quarters in the temple residence must be enlarged to receive them. "I wish I could talk to the contractors and workmen," muttered this always-in-a-hurry and rather impatient young man whose temper was sorely tried by the slow method of asking questions and giving directions through an interpreter. The natural circumlocutions and leisurely ways of the Orient were vexing enough without the added trial of an interpreter. "Why not learn to talk with them. . . Well . . . Why not?" Hunting up his teacher without delay, he demanded that a conversation be written out for him,

a full, complete, and proper conversation between a builder and an employer. This he went over and over with his teacher, seeking to perfect every inflection and to understand every phrase. It worked! The contractor understood him and, what was more, he understood the contractor. Other conversations followed. Within a few days he was able to communicate satisfactorily with the needed laborers. The work moved forward rapidly. The living quarters were ready when the new missionaries arrived. Language study became all the more engrossing.

Conversations with all the accompanying etiquette were then prepared to be used with all classes of people from humblest coolie to highest official. "As impossible," said the doctor, "to learn the language before trying it out on people as to learn to swim before going into the water," and he went forth to practice his ready-made conversations. He visited temples and tea houses and mingled with the crowds on the streets, practicing the language he was learning and distributing thousands of tracts and portions of Scripture.

In the fall of 1886 the first recruits of the new mission arrived from London, E. P. Hearndon and A. F. H. Saw. Great day for the fun-loving, prank-playing young doctor who reveled in companionship and whose days in the old temple must sometimes have been oppressively lonely. Great day, too, for the work which pressed heavily upon him. The days in the old temple were happier now, the work was more absorbing, new opportunities were opening. Concerning that first year, Dr. Macklin reported: "We have a small meeting every week at our house, but our main work is on the streets and in the tea houses in Nanking and the surrounding villages. While we are as yet more students of the language than fully developed missionaries, conversing with the people is better than preaching to them. Since the latter part of March (1887) we have conducted a school of over twenty children. . . . The opening of this school has done much to break down the prejudices of the people in the neighborhood. They are much better

disposed than formerly." As for medical work, he felt it would be unwise to attempt that until he had a better knowledge of the language.

"We long to see new missionaries," wrote Dr. Macklin in that report written at the close of his first year in China. "Let godliness be the *sine qua non* but ability is also necessary. . . . China needs educated missionaries." From the homeland came word that Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Meigs and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Williams were sailing for China in the fall of 1887, four missionaries whose splendid qualifications fully answered the doctor's call. Mr. Williams wrote that he was subject to malaria and hoped for a location as free as possible from that fever. This caused Dr. Macklin again to turn his thoughts toward Peking and as a part of the busy eventful year of 1887, accompanied by Mr. Saw, he journeyed thither to investigate the possibilities of opening work there.

It was an interesting trip. First by steamer on the Yangtze to Chinkiang and then many days by houseboat traveling northward on the Grand Canal. As they floated leisurely along that first day they began to number the villages that clung to the banks or dotted the flat landscape, but soon they lost all count—there were so many of them. Most of these were built of reed and adobe, mud-plastered and rudely thatched. Glimpses within revealed hard-packed earthen floors, little furniture, simple living, but happy, contented people. Here and there were the larger, tile-roofed, and comfortably furnished homes of the gentry. Impressed with the innumerable villages and the uncounted people that swarmed the banks of the Grand Canal and scattered over the countryside, frequently they tied up at the banks to speak to the people and to distribute literature. Mr. Saw, only six months in the land but exceedingly quick in learning Chinese, soon memorized Macklin's only sermon. "Soon I realized," chuckles the doctor, "that I would have to keep ahead of him on the road so as to avoid his stealing my thunder and speaking my piece, leaving me nothing to

say. But (thoughtfully) . . . that sermon did double duty . . . and many, many people heard the message for the first time."

When they left their houseboat on the Grand Canal, two-wheeled carts entirely guiltless of springs and pulled by slow-plodding mules carried them farther along the way. A bed strung between two mules hitched tandem, "mule litter" they called it, came next as the means of transportation. Wheelbarrows, pushed by man power, with passenger and baggage precariously balanced on opposite sides of the wheel, added variety and discomfort to the picturesque journey. Water travel again carried them on a river so narrow that boats had to nose the shore to pass without collision. The two men visited the organized mission centers of the Presbyterians and the English Baptists at Chefoo. They saw the well-systematized work that was being done. They met Chinese evangelists returning to these mission centers bruised and beaten by the mobs but ready to start out again in service. They observed the efforts toward self-support. They sat at the feet of seasoned missionaries and learned from them. They noted the many-sided service being rendered. Macklin was pleased especially with the interest these missionaries were showing in the economic development of the country and their efforts to introduce foreign fruit trees, plants, and seeds.

All along the way they were aware of the undertone of hatred against the foreigner. Cart drivers asked about the rumored railroad and grumbled that it would take away their business. Tradesmen in a land so long unchanged feared the changes that were coming with foreign entrance and jealously guarded the enterprises at which their families had been occupied through centuries. Everyone united in enmity toward the foreign religion, fearing that it would weaken the established ways of worship and bring disaster in its wake. Foreigners were devils—of that everyone was sure—queer red-haired barbarians with sickly, washed-out faces and most uncomfortable and outlandish ways of dressing. However, the



two missionary travelers met little discourtesy and no real persecution. Once the books and tracts which they were distributing were snatched from them.

From Chefoo and their study of the missionary work there Mr. Saw returned to the work in Nanking and the outlying districts while Dr. Macklin went on alone to observe the missionary work and climate in Peking. He was delighted with that most fascinating city and benefited by his conferences with able missionaries who had been many years in the land. He returned to Nanking feeling the surer of his task and satisfied that Nanking was the better place for the Disciples Mission.

The time had now come, the doctor felt, to open his medical work. Surely his grasp of the language was sufficient to deal with patients. So he rented a building near the old South Gate but was not able to begin his practice for some weeks because of the opposition that was manifested as soon as the people learned that a foreigner was coming into their midst with his strange foreign ways. They threatened to burn the building. They tried every means to turn him out, but the doctor, persistent and patient, waited. Finally the resistance was so strong that the official in charge of that section of the city begged him to move. He could not forcibly oust him; the law permitted foreigners to rent buildings in the city and to live where they pleased. Macklin knew that and the official knew that he knew, so he couched his request in the politest of phrases and the most ceremonious of calls. But the doctor, looking blandly about his well-arranged dispensary, replied, "This is a very good place. It suits me very well. The house fits my need. The location is right. I would not be willing to move unless equally good quarters could be found for me." The troubled official, thinking that a most vexing matter was soon to be settled, offered the use of his own official sedan chair for the house-hunting expedition and bowed himself out, feeling exceedingly pleased with the way he had handled the situation. Perhaps foreigners were not so hard to deal with after all.



True to his promise, the official sent his sedan chair, gorgeously embroidered and delightfully upholstered and borne by four carriers in neat livery. The doctor stepped into the chair lowered obsequiously for him and the search for a building began. But it was not so easy a solution as the official had anticipated. Day after day the bearers came to wait beside the doctor's door and day after day they carried him in state from place to place. He looked at buildings in all that part of the city but after each tour of inspection he shook his head. No, the building did not please him; he liked the one he had first chosen; it suited him much better. And in the end he won. The official, accustomed to circumlocutions, devious ways, and well-planned delays, was forced to yield to this straightforward, plain-speaking, artless foreigner. With "official approval" the dispensary was then opened. Opposition was constant and vexatious but the work grew.

New missionaries were coming, women, too, and suitable living quarters must be ready for them. The three young men decided to vacate the pleasant, roomy old temple, leaving it free for the two new families. For themselves they found a building in the busy part of the city, along the carriage road that led from the river to the business section, a busy, much-traveled highway. This place, San Pai Lou (Three Gates), must be cleaned and remodeled somewhat to let in sunlight and air. The house was built in approved Chinese style around an open court. All windows and doors opened upon the courtyards rather than directly to the outside. The opening from the street was protected by a spirit wall which made a circuitous entrance with unexpected turns and twists. All this care was to guard the people dwelling within the house from evil spirits. The more indirect the openings the more difficult it was for demons to find their way in. The house was rented. The repairs were made. The three men moved in, congratulating themselves that they had at last succeeded in getting the place. Then came opposition, perhaps all the more severe for having been delayed. Their Chinese neighbors bitterly opposed the

continued presence of these foreigners in their midst. The owner was arrested. Heavy sentence was imposed upon him for renting his house to the foreigners, but Dr. Macklin's intervention in his behalf removed the punishment and the three men continued to live at San Pai Lou, pretending not to see the black scowls of the neighbors.

In due season the new missionaries arrived and were established in the old temple residence. Seven missionaries now instead of just one. How the heart of young Dr. Macklin, the pioneer, must have rejoiced! Nanking could not hold them. Other places called. They itinerated farther and farther from the city. They heard the call of the little old city of Chuchow where resistance and opposition were bitter and persistent and in 1889 they were able to take up residence there. In the same year Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Molland from England, independent missionaries of the church of the Plymouth Brethren, joined forces with the Disciples and started work in Wuhu. The year 1889 saw also the addition of Mrs. Macklin to the Nanking group and marked the arrival of two more single men from London, T. J. Arnold and W. R. Hunt, both from Dr. Moore's Bible class at the London Tabernacle. The year 1890 saw seven missionaries and work established in three cities. And the people of the churches in the United States and Canada were learning to say, "Yes, we have missionary work in China."

## FIRST THINGS

For the pioneer there is no established order or routine to follow. He charts his own course, makes his own plans, arranges his own schedule without benefit of previous experience. Where to take a hold? What to do today? Bewilderment. Uncertainty. Confusion. Only a stumbling, unsatisfying, and sometimes embarrassing knowledge of the language. Easy to wait until tomorrow when there is no regular place or meeting, no announced schedule of services, no definite time when one is expected to be anywhere. Easy to persuade oneself that a multitude of little, unnecessary near-at-hand tasks are important and to busy oneself with them. But the pioneer missionary doctor wasted no time with lesser tasks, vexatious indecisions, or comfortable procrastination. He went out and made his opportunity; he spoke first, not waiting for the other fellow to approach him; he used what words he knew and thus learned more; he found work and did it.

The city was crowded with people. But how would one go about starting conversation with a stranger, especially an aloof, unapproachable, uncommunicative Chinese stranger who probably would not understand one's attempt at speaking Chinese or who likely as not spoke some dialect strange to Nanking? What would one talk about? How would one lead naturally to the deeper things and bring the conversation to the Christ message? What man seemed the least strange and the most approachable? Well, there was the mailman. He was friendly. Might as well start in on him.

The imperial post office was established in Nanking in 1897 and until that time the foreign group employed their own mail carrier. The mailing address of all foreigners in the city was simply "Nanking, China, care of Shanghai Local Post." The mail bag was sent up from Shanghai by boat. Each for-

eigner took his turn at serving as local postmaster and directed the handling of the mail. And it happened that the mailman in 1888 was Shi Kwei-piao, the first Chinese convert of the Disciples of Christ in China.

Shi Kwei-piao had been one of China's professional story-tellers, happy, successful, contented in his work. He had rice to eat, bean curd and vegetable to stir into his rice bowl, tea to drink, money for his opium pipe. What more could man ask of life? Then he met his old-time school friend, Chen Lo-tseun, who had become a Christian. Shi listened to the Christ stories, fascinated against his will. He knew a good story when he heard one—that was his business—and here were stories to hold the crowds. With his friend's help he came into possession of a copy of the Bible and ere long the Christ stories had him in their grip. He wanted to become a Christian but in the way stood his opium habit. "No opium smoker can be accepted; the habit must first be broken," the missionary said. Then came Shi's seven-year struggle with the curse. In the end he came out victorious, having spent forty-five days of exhausting agony in a rude shelter down on the river flats of Nanking. He wanted to be baptized at once but the missionary to whom he went ruled that he must pass through a probationary period. So the name of Shi Kwei-piao went on the inquirer's list and, deeply disappointed, he set himself to the further waiting for his baptismal day. Then it was that he became the mailman for the Nanking foreign community.

The young doctor and the story-teller mail carrier met. Shi happened along just as the doctor was calling the Chinese servants together for the morning worship in the San Pai Lou residence. He laid his mail bag on a convenient chair and sat quietly through the service. He liked what the doctor said, a straightforward message that could be understood and that made its appeal direct to the heart. And what was more, here was a foreigner whose Chinese was more easily understood than most of the others. When the service was over, Dr. Macklin



turned to the stranger. "Why did you stay for the service? Did you understand what I said?" The approach was made! Mail bag forgotten, the two as kindred souls were soon deep in conversation and Shi poured out the whole story of his long yearning, his bitter fight against the opium habit, and the time of probation that was now upon him.

"Why, I'd baptize you today," said the ardent young doctor, convinced of the sincerity and strength of this man and impatient as ever of routine or delays. Shi was overjoyed and then suddenly he remembered that his name was on the inquirers' roll of another mission. Oriental politeness would not permit him thus to turn aside. Mail bag was also suddenly remembered. The missionaries would want their mail. And they would be impatient, fearing lest he might not get their letters to the Hsia Kwan pier in time for the boat for Shanghai. So he hurried on his way, but as soon as the day's tasks were ended he went again to the Chinese evangelist and on to the missionary who still insisted that he must prove himself. So it was that he withdrew his name from the inquirers' list and returned to his new-found friend.

On a June morning in 1888, when the loveliest green colorings touched all the hillsides that surrounded the old Thistle Abbey, Dr. Macklin baptized Shi Kwei-piao in the little pool in the temple yard. More than two years had passed since he baptized those ten sailors in Shanghai and counted them his first converts in Christian service. But here was his first Chinese convert. Seventeen years an opium smoker, a gambler, and one who, according to his own testimony, had indulged in all kinds of sin, now the child of God and eager to serve. "As we came up out of the water, it seemed as though the very heavens were opened and the glory of the Lord shone through," said Mr. Shi years later, remembering that glorious morning.

Thus it was that the first convert came to the Disciples of Christ in China. How wonderful it would have been if those seven missionaries, the Meigses, the Williams', Saw, Hearndon, and Macklin, standing there beside that baptismal pool, could



have been granted a glimpse into the future and have seen the hundreds of people whom this man would ultimately influence for Christ. Of him it was written years later, "Mr. Shi is one of the greatest preachers living. This intrepid evangelist has swept the Yangtze Valley with the gospel in unanswerable logic and compelling, charming eloquence."

Then there was the matter of the Jew who called at the hospital in the fall of the same year which recorded Shi Kwei-piao's baptism and made another interesting *first thing*. Among the missionaries it was known that there was a small settlement of Jews of the Dispersion living at Kaifengfu, some three hundred miles northwest of Nanking. History records that they settled in China in A. D. 1163 and a year later were permitted to build a temple. Tradition refers to their possible entrance into China before the time of Christ. They were known as "the sect that takes out the sinew" because of their special treatment of the meat they ate. "You can imagine my interest," wrote the doctor soon after the incident, "when a stylish card came up announcing that a Jew had called to see me. He was a tall, handsome, gentlemanly looking fellow, of course dressed as a Chinese and speaking only Chinese. We had a very pleasant chat. He is an army officer, perhaps equal to a colonel, and is down here to take part in the military reviews to be held in a couple of weeks. He says there are a considerable number of Jews in his native place, all descendants of eight families. They formerly had a synagogue, but it is now destroyed and many of the people have gone over to idolatry. They have also a roll of parchment of the Scriptures in Hebrew, but they have all forgotten how to read it. Brother Williams came in while we were chatting, and also was intensely pleased to see him. We gave him a full Bible and explained some of the truth to him. He has forgotten a great deal and even eats pork, but will not take the sinew in the thigh in memory of the cord that wasted Jacob's thigh. After a good talk we went down to the chapel and I spoke for nearly an hour, I should think, to the people who came in, giving a review of the Hebrew

history from the call of Abraham, being pleased that I had this Jew in the audience. He promised to call again and seems inclined to learn the gospel. I advised him to go home and bring his people back to the truth. We pray for him."

As this Jew became better acquainted with the missionaries, he told them how his father had once gone on a trip to Peking where he had heard and been deeply impressed with the gospel story. Before his death he had urged the mother to see to it that their small son was sent among Christians where he might be instructed in the gospel. And now in this visit he was keeping his father's wish. For several weeks he continued to come to study with the missionaries and finally was baptized by Mr. Saw and "went on his way rejoicing." The missionaries never saw him again. Some years later attempt was made to establish Christian work in Kaifengfu, but the missionaries were refused entrance as the country was then at war with Japan and all foreigners were suspected of being spies.

The new missionaries heard much of the famous literary examinations which were held every three years in Nanking and in other cities of the land. These examinations were among the most important of events. The scholar was the most honored man in all China. To lead the life of an official was the most desired occupation. And the way to officialdom was through the examinations which really constituted the civil service system of China, for officials were chosen from the winners in the examinations. The examination halls in Nanking covered several acres of ground and were among the largest and most famous in the land, serving three large and important provinces. Imposing statues marked the entrance and broad stone steps led to the elaborately beautiful central hall from which corridors opened on all sides, stretching far and lined on either side with the tiny cells into which the competing students were locked for their ordeal. Gorgeously gowned and dignified officials met the students, and a motley throng of onlookers crowded the entrance as the thousands of candidates gathered, mere youths coming for the first time and old men

who had repeatedly failed but who were still hopefully trying, in the meantime holding prestige in their home communities as scholars. Given a subject for the thesis, the men were locked into their cells. Tea and rice were passed to them through a small opening in the door. They saw no one during the time it took to complete the assignments, which was usually about three days. Many died from the severe strain. Crowds loitered outside to count the dead as they were carried out and to see the living men emerge.

Missionaries longed to get Christian literature into the hands of these men. It did look like such a promising opportunity to reach the learned men of three provinces. And this experience marked another *first thing* for Dr. Macklin and his colleagues. They looked forward eagerly to the day when the examinations would be held, the first since they had established themselves in the city. Their box of tracts and portions of the Scriptures was packed and ready and when the day came for the examinations to be over they stationed themselves at the entrance to distribute their literature to the weary men as they came out. "One would think of this," someone remarked, "as a very dignified procedure, as scholars from the West handed their literature to these literati of the East." But apparently that was not the case, for Dr. Macklin in writing of his first experience in this work in 1888, said: "We took our position with a box of books at the west exit of the examination halls and began to distribute to the students, whom we recognized by bags carrying their brushes hanging from their necks, and by the servants carrying their baggage. We took a few handfuls of books among the dense long-queued crowd, picking out the students, and presented the literature to them. We got rid of the first handful pretty well, but then the crowd of roughs surrounded us and wrestled with us and twisted the books out of our hands. My hat was knocked off once and I had to give (or gave unnecessarily) sundry cuffs to several obstreperous boys, and an occasional slight reminder with my toe, but hurt no one, and kept good-natured."

"I would like to visit a Confucian temple," said one missionary. "Well, let's go," said the other. "If we are going to work effectively among the followers of Confucius we ought to know as much as possible of the teachings and observances." So Macklin and Williams planned to make their first visit to a Confucian temple and observe the rituals. There were two large temples to Confucius in Nanking, since each county is required to have one temple and two counties center in Nanking. A Chinese friend, knowing of their desire, invited the two men to accompany him to one of the temples for the sacrifices at the time of the autumn equinox. On the afternoon preceding the day for the sacrifices they went to the temple, thinking that they would better understand the rituals on the morrow if they had previously noted the plans and arrangements. A group of idlers was gathered about the temple gate but that was customary. The ragged crowd followed the three men but that also was the usual thing. No foreigner could hope to go anywhere without a strangely assorted crowd attaching itself to him. They crossed the great paved court of the temple, passed through several beautifully decorated halls separated by paved courtyards and came finally to the shrine that held the tablet to Confucius and those dedicated to his four principal disciples. So intent were they upon the preparations for the morrow's sacrifices that they did not notice that they were being followed by a hostile crowd. The group of idlers had increased in numbers; they were no longer mere idlers but angry boys and men who now closed around the foreigners in the interior of the great temple. Guided by their Chinese friend the missionaries moved quickly and adroitly across a side court and along the corridor that led to the entrance, hoping thus to slip away. But the crowd, anticipating their intention, hurried to block the exit. On to the gate house they hastened, where the porter barred the door and refused to let them out. The mob then began to beat the two men. Their Chinese friend had disappeared. He had not deserted them, however. Rather, seeing the hostility of the mob and its



evident intention, he had gone in search of the officer in charge of the temple. Soon he returned with this handsomely gowned official, who scattered the mob, soundly berated the gatekeeper, and politely escorted the visitors to the gate, where he bowed them out with all ceremony. "Perhaps we've seen enough," said Macklin on the homeward way. "Under the circumstances, I think we are too busy to attend the rituals tomorrow."

The first patients treated in the dispensary brought special agitation against the foreign medical magic. A few days after the opening, a druggist in the neighborhood was overheard haranguing a crowd that was huddled about him. "I saw a woman go into his dispensary," he affirmed with much shaking of the head and wagging of a long finger, "and that doctor put a plaster over her heart. When she came back the next day he merely pulled off the plaster and the heart came right out." "You've ruined my profession," said one unappreciative and scolding beggar. "You've healed me of my infirmity and now I can't get any money begging. You owe me a living. You'll have to support me now." And strangely enough, the crowd that could always be assembled at an instant's notice sided with the lame beggar whom the new doctor had healed. No longer lame, he was no longer an object of pity, and therefore no longer a successful beggar! So it was that antagonism pursued Dr. Macklin as soon as he began treating his patients. He was so frequently confronted with opposition and angry beratings that these things ceased to be noteworthy experiences and fell into the routine of his days.

The first land purchase was made in 1888, near the famous Drum Tower. It was a most desirable location along the main road that led toward the North Gate and the river, of good elevation, high and well drained, with a pleasing view across the city to lovely Purple Mountain. To secure a choice location, to get a perpetual lease and a stamped deed after only two years' residence in the land was a real achievement and an unusual accomplishment. Foreigners usually found it difficult

to secure land or houses. They were sometimes forced to wait many years, thwarted at every step, or forced to build upon land for which only short leases were granted. The happy missionaries held a praise service and then set to work to make use of their new property. In a short while contracts were let, buildings were under construction, and a second piece of land was purchased near the first, on the thoroughfare between the business section of Nanking and the busy little river port of Hsia Kwan just outside the city's wall.

In the spring of 1889 the Meigs family and the Williams family moved into the houses erected for them. The first mission-owned homes!

Other "first" experiences became a part of the daily missionary living. Less and less frequently were the doctor and the others heard to remark: "Handed out my first tract . . . spoke to my first stranger on the street . . . preached my first sermon in Chinese . . . attended my first banquet . . . ate with chopsticks for the first time . . . treated my first patient . . . saw the first wedding procession . . . received my first States mail." The everyday round of work and the routine way of living were being established. The little mission was growing stronger and reaching farther every day.

## THE DOCTOR'S LADY

Was there romance in this man's life? Well, there was that picture of a laughing, brown-eyed American girl, the sister of Mrs. Garst of Japan. He had been wondering about her ever since he had seen her picture in the Garst home. Two charming women had been added to the Nanking mission, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Meigs, and they were disquieting to a young man's peace. They had made the barren, barnlike rooms of old Thistle Abbey unbelievably attractive and homelike. It was springtime, 1888. The rooms at San Pai Lou heard many a conversation that dealt not with the difficult problems of language study or the needs of Chinese school-boys and dispensary patients. Romance stirred three young and lonely hearts. And the doctor, with the characteristic vigor of one who has never even suspected that tomorrow was made as a convenient device for putting things off, acted first, spurred on by memories of a picture and by a letter that arrived at the moment it was most desired.

The letter was from the Garsts in Japan, casually informing him that Mrs. Garst's mother and her young sister Dorothy were coming to Akita for a long visit. When first he saw the picture he had extracted a promise that he should be informed when she was coming. Dr. Macklin had been troubled always with malaria and who will ever know whether the sudden attack was sufficiently acute to uphold the contention that nothing short of a summer in Japan could cure it? He was the only doctor in the mission—who could diagnose or deny? His good friend, Dr. Beebe of the Methodist Episcopal mission, would care for his medical cases. His teacher would be busy at the assigned task of making a colloquial translation of the Gospel of Luke. And so in that summer of 1888 he was off to Japan. Independent to a fault, no new clothes graced his

wardrobe for this momentous visit—he would go the plain, simply dressed young man that he was. Maybe she would not be as attractive as her picture. Maybe he would not like her, and, more disturbing, maybe she would have none of him.

Meanwhile in Japan, Mrs. Garst, although she knew that a visitor was on the way, urged her stylish little sister to put all her lovely, silken fresh-from-the-States dresses in the great tin boxes where the family's woolens and silks were sealed to protect them from the summer heat and dampness. No chance of a hasty pulling them out upon the arrival of a very personable young man. Her simple summer frocks were all she had! That made no difference, however, for the young man was too captivated to know satin from dimity.

It was a happy summer in the delightful atmosphere of the Garsts' Japanese house. The ocean was only a few miles away and there were frequent picnics and walks along its shore with white-capped waves breaking at their feet; swimming, too, and the charm of ocean sunsets; ricksha rides through the lovely, picturesque Japanese countryside; visits to temples and gardens; reading aloud together (Emerson's *Essays* was their favorite book); long and serious talks about religion, missionary work, the doctor's work, China. Charmed days, to end with the coming of golden September when the doctor needs must return to his work, malaria cured, heart satisfied—for she had said "Yes" to his all-important question. In midwinter he would return for his bride.

"Far too pretty to be a missionary," friends in America had complained when they learned that the lovely Dorothy DeLany, their winsome, vivacious young friend, was going to marry a Canadian missionary doctor in China. Dorothy DeLany was born in Detroit, Michigan, December 28, 1867, granddaughter of a well-known pioneer preacher of the Disciples, Jonas Hartzell. The DeLany home was beautifully Christian in atmosphere and influence, a lovely and hospitable place whether in the city or in a lonely frontier army post, for the father was a post trader and established his business wherever a military



station needed a store. It was in one of these army posts that the tall, debonair Captain Garst of West Point training had captured the heart of Dorothy's sister Laura. In the summer of 1883 she saw this beloved sister and her husband, who had given up military life and the rapid promotion that awaited him, ordained for missionary service. To Japan they had sailed. This experience made its impression upon her. She met, too, many of the influential leaders of the church. She was, of course, a Christian—home influence and family heritage had seen to that—but she went her gay, light-hearted, irresponsible way, not seriously concerned with the affairs of the church. Intent upon good times was the popular Dorothy.

The visit to Japan led her to weigh anew the values of living and of Christian civilization, to sense for the first time the joy of service and see how that service in its rich, satisfying fruitfulness filled all the days and made glad all the living of her missionary sister. And now she was facing the same service in an alien land with that young doctor who had been their visitor. Voluminous letters kept the young lady well informed of her young man's activities. In glowing terms he told of his experiences, studying the language, distributing books and tracts, carrying on conversations with the Chinese, preaching in the dispensary chapel or on the streets, teaching his medical students, looking after his dispensary and his patients, making plans for the hospital to be opened after a while. Thus he prepared her for the new life that awaited her in strange, foreign China. He was "sure she would love it" and if sometimes she doubted and dreaded, wondering why in the world she had ever been persuaded into this plan, his abounding enthusiasm banished all fears. "Our work in this life is to glorify God, and no attachments, joy, or sorrow can weaken this duty," he wrote, and thus put their approaching union on the highest of planes.

The very-much-in-love young doctor in Nanking kept a picture of the girl of his choice in his Bible and his bachelor companions twitted him, declaring that he gave more attention to

the picture than to his reading. The weeks of separation passed and in the wintertime he returned for his bride. After considerable delay, at last everything was ready. One morning soon after Dorothy's trunks had been dispatched for Tokyo the flimsy little Japanese house went up in flames and the family must needs take refuge in the chapel, for no Japanese would dare give refuge to those whose home had been burned, lest the fire demons take vengeance upon them also. So it was in a church that Dorothy DeLany entertained her young man for the last few days of his stay and from a church that she set forth on the trip to Tokyo. To satisfy all rules and regulations, they must be married in Tokyo, for this wedding was an international affair. The bride was from the United States, the young man was from Canada, and the country was Japan. Three days of travel by sled over snow-clad mountains, nights spent in Japanese inns, a day by jinrikisha and train, and the journey was complete. At the British legation the Church of England marriage ceremony was read; there were witnesses from both the British and United States embassies; the Star-Spangled Banner and the Union Jack both waved. Soon the missionary pioneer was homeward bound with his bride to establish in Nanking a working model of a Christian home, one of less than a dozen in that city of three hundred fifty thousand souls. She was the forty-sixth missionary to enter Nanking and became "number twenty-three" of the group then living in the city.

A delightful honeymoon voyage the couple had. There were enchanting visits ashore at Kobe and Nagasaki; there was the loveliness of the Inland Sea and the broad expanse of the Yellow Sea; then Shanghai so big and cosmopolitan. In a short while they were on the river steamer for the last lap of their travel. They went on board, as was customary, in the late evening and went to sleep amid the confusion of cargo loading by noisy coolies who crooned a melodious sort of wail and clattered the bamboo slats that were used as records of their transactions. Some time toward morning when the tide was right for embark-

ing, the bride listened to the soft swish-swish of the Yangtze waters against the sides of the vessel—the trip upriver had begun. By dark the next evening Chinkiang was passed, its gold and silver islands, its temples and pagodas, its confluence with the Grand Canal, dim, indistinct and fairylike in the thin early darkness. It was scarce daylight the next morning when the Chinese cabin boy who had been so attentive all the way knocked at her door to say, “Missy, boat come Nanking side one-half hour more.” With the last-minute packing to be done it seemed but a moment until the big boat slackened its speed. A low flat-bottomed boat rowed out from shore and was fastened to the ship’s side, then as both moved slowly upriver, passengers and cargo were unloaded. Confusion, crowding, noise—once experienced, never forgotten. But to the doctor it is not merely noise and confusion. He understands words and sentences, recognizes familiar faces. Chinese greet him in friendliest fashion. Meigs and Williams come on board to greet the youthful bride who soon must face the ordeal of going down the swaying ladder of the moving ship into the big flat boat. This is China and this is China’s way. The steamer is off, it disappears around the bend, its whistle dies in the distance as they are rowed ashore. Sedan chair for the bride, donkeys for the three men, for the short ride to a narrow canal which must be crossed in a sampan. Another short ride brings them to the north gate of the city which will not open until the grey dawn brightens into morning light. Then the heavy bolts of I Feng Men (North Gate) creak as the gate is unbarred and its ponderous double doors swing open.

And so it was that Nanking in rosy sunrise glory greeted the little American bride. Within the gate her chair was carried through the vaulted, dusky, tunnel-like passage of the solid wall and through the inner gate, smaller and less massive. Then the way led over the crumbling, well-worn bricks of an ancient road, past bamboo thickets, cultivated plots of ground, rounded grass-grown graves, and farmhouses still closed and silent, for it was yet early morning of a wintry day. The

way they followed avoided the busy city, lost itself sometimes in rustic paths, and brought the doctor's bride to Lai Tsz An, where Mrs. Meigs stood with open arms to give her royal, warm, and understanding welcome.

The old temple made a comfortable home for three families now. But it was sometimes a disturbing home for missionary wives. The three shuddered together over a snake dangling from the rafters. (Huge dragons were artistically carved on the temple's pillars but living snakes that coiled themselves about were another thing, quite.) Writhing centipedes found their sinuous way beneath mosquito nets into beds, rats scampered across their floors, huge cockroaches, scorpions, insects, and bats made inroads upon them. A thief in the night molested their peace of mind. But they loved their rambling old Thistle Abbey.

The bride soon found herself busy with missionary tasks and deep in the intricacies of training Chinese helpers without whom no home could well function. Language study must be a part of the day's routine and each morning she watched her Chinese teacher on his donkey wending his way down the hillside and across the valley to her temple home. Dignified, austere, clad in a long close-fitting silken gown, with trousers of silk of a beautifully contrasting color, a small round silk hat adorned with a button on top, and embroidered silk shoes, a princely-looking man with a dangling queue. He ought, she sometimes thought, idly watching him and wondering how well she would remember those elusive words and sentences on which they had drilled yesterday, he ought really have something more dignified than a donkey to ride! She never knew just when the young husband would come dashing home with his, "Dorothy, get your bonnet, let's go for a walk . . . or a ride," and they would be off together to explore some new part of the city or visit another temple or chat with groups on the street. Thus gradually the strangeness wore off. When the Chinese women, whether wives of gentry, officials, or farmer folk, learned that this little-woman-still-very-young was the



wife of Dr. Macklin they were very friendly and tried to make her feel at home among them. She made shy efforts to converse with them, using all the Chinese she knew and thus winning for herself a place in their hearts.

The first winter gave place to soft, lovely springtime. Delicate green shadings touched all the hillsides around the old temple; bird notes from every bamboo thicket made the day a lilting melody; fragrant, fresh spring air warmed her chilled body and refreshed her tired soul! Then came the stifling heat of Nanking's summer when she dared venture but little from the temple's protecting shadow. Green mold crept up the walls as rain and heat combined to make life well-nigh unbearable, and finally, in midsummer, the doctor took his frail little wife away to Japan. Returning, the welcome news awaited them that money had come to build them a residence at Drum Tower near the homes of the Meiges and Williams' who a few months earlier had moved to their new residences.

In the late fall of 1889 a small son, Theodore, came to them, the only missionary baby born in the old temple residence. He had to be guarded from marauding rats but it was a happy winter and in the spring the family moved to the new home. Just a few days after their removal, the wall beside which the baby's crib had always stood crumbled in. It was well that the doctor, in his usual intolerance of delays, had urged the moving before the new house was entirely finished.

Established in the new home which was later to be enlarged, the doctor's lady was settled for all her years in China, years that were devoted fully to her family and to this land that was their home. There were eight children, all of them born in China. Two of them were laid to rest in the land of their birth and the other six are today carrying their full share of life's responsibilities, four of them in the United States, one in Canada, and the other in China. As for her share in the missionary program, Mrs. Macklin always felt that her best con-

tribution was to take from her husband every home responsibility and thus make his work the more effective. House repairs, the bank accounts, arrangements for travel and vacations, the schooling of the children—all these and other things she made her task. In spite of the fact that she so shielded the doctor from the business of the home that he was able to give the fullest measure of service along many different lines; that she has given six well-equipped children to the world; that she inspired many Chinese mothers to higher ideals of motherhood; and that she kept a hospitable home which extended welcome and blessing to all, she regrets that she could not have carried a full-time missionary task such as nursing, teaching, or preaching.

## THE BUSY EIGHTEEN NINETIES

The "gay nineties" on one side of the Pacific became busy, difficult years for the Macklins and other members of the growing mission on the other side. Opposition and persecution were more severe than ever. True, they had known from the beginning what it meant to be pelted with mud and stones; they had had the epithet "foreign devil" shouted after them so often that they could hear it and appear undisturbed; they had been turned back from city gates and ordered never to return; they had been refused lodging at inns. They knew what it was to be looked upon with hatred and contempt, to be regarded as an inferior race. All these things were usual experiences in those early years. But in the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century hostility became more open and insolent. All the region of the Yangtze Valley was disturbed by anti-foreign uprisings.

A mission center was developing at the Drum Tower location and early in 1890 the new dispensary and chapel were ready for occupancy. It was an unpretentious building, but the doctor glowed with pride. Not even the riot that accompanied the opening of the dispensary quenched his enthusiasm. Such disturbances were of everyday occurrence. Unrest was in the air; hatred of the foreigner was less veiled than formerly; insults were more open.

The opening service in the little chapel connected with the dispensary was broken up by rioters. That was a Sunday morning early in February, 1890. The communion service was being observed when suddenly the crowd that had gathered outside stormed the meeting place; they threw stones and uttered curses; they broke the windows and were climbing in when the missionaries quietly withdrew. Composedly and with no apparent haste or fear they walked to the nearest mis-

sionary residence, a small group of brave men and women, far from their home countries. That leisurely walk is a high point in missionary history. Not to break into a run and make a frantic dash to the protection of the house when stones were falling all about them, when the ill-assorted crowd was following them and shouting vile epithets at them—that took self-control and faith and will! In an upper room of the Meigs home they continued their interrupted communion service. But the mob that for a moment had halted in unwilling deference to that splendid display of courage and endurance was again rallied by its leaders and stormed the house. Doors and windows were securely barred. Dr. Macklin, longer in the land and better known than the other men, stepped outside, hoping to reason with the rioters and persuade them to go away. But he was rudely shoved about, and as the mob grew more threatening, he was forced soon to withdraw. In the crowd, however, were those who knew him and his good work; here and there was one who had been healed or whose relative had been helped. These began to speak in the missionaries' favor and the mob gradually scattered.

The riots of 1891, however, were by far the most serious disturbances faced by the China mission thus far. The Ko Lao Hui, a society of soldiers that had suppressed the Taiping Rebellion some twenty-five years earlier, led the agitation which quickly spread throughout the Yangtze Valley. Soon there appeared on the streets of Nanking crude cartoons and posters representing the reputed obscene practices of the missionaries in their hospitals, schools, and churches. One of these posters portrayed a Christian bowing low before a pig. This was a slander against the missionaries' form of worship and at the same time ridiculed their attempt to speak Chinese. The word for "pig" and the word for "lord," while there is great difference in the written characters, are difficult to distinguish when pronounced. Dr. Macklin and his missionary colleagues went about the streets boldly tearing down these cartoons and sent copies to the American and British consuls.



Following the advice of a young Chinese official, Dr. Macklin and another missionary, representing the entire foreign community, went to call upon the viceroy. This was the doctor's first visit to a high official and he was impressed by the regal splendor of the palace with its exquisitely carved teakwood furnishings and rich tapestries and by the elaborate ceremony of their presentation. The other missionary was wearing glasses and was asked to remove them as it would be a sign of disrespect to wear them when he was ushered into the official's presence. The viceroy listened attentively to the account of the shocking placards and their base insinuations and then, striking his hand against his chest with an impressive gesture, he cried in dramatic fervor, "*Yu wo* [You have me]," and promised to send help. But his concern seemed to end there, and as conditions grew steadily more serious and threatening, it was decided that the women and children must be sent to Shanghai for safety. Clothing, bedding, food, cooking utensils, and other things needed for traveling in China were hastily assembled. In tightly closed sedan chairs they were hurried along streets crowded with lowering, jibing people to safety aboard a waiting steamer. The first hard separation was upon the doctor and his wife. The gates clanged shut and he and the other men hurried back to the city to find that, in the short while they had been outside, rioting had broken out simultaneously in all the Protestant and Catholic missions. The most severe disturbance centered at the Methodist hospital. The building was sacked and preparations were being made to burn it when the rioters were dispersed. Fortunately the director, Dr. R. C. Beebe, with real foresight had smuggled out the skeleton which he used in teaching his medical students. If that had been found, matters would have been still more serious as it would have been looked upon as proof positive and irrefutable that those foreign doctors did kill Chinese to make medicines. The cistern at Dr. Macklin's house was examined, probably for dead bodies of children. They were so sure that the foreigners did away with unsuspecting little ones. Soon,

however, the rioters were dispersed by the officials. Criers were sent up and down the streets, admonishing with their singsong call: "If you have homes, go to your homes; if you have shops, go to your shops; if you have no homes and no shops, go to a temple." Gradually quiet came to the disturbed city.

In a few days things were sufficiently settled that Dr. Macklin went down to Shanghai to join his wife, arriving in time to welcome his second son, William Junior, to whom the family referred as "our refugee baby." There followed months of uncertainty and repeated outbreaks. Not until the end of the year was it safe for women and children to return to Nan-king.

Meanwhile the medical work was growing and taxing the resources of the little dispensary. Larger quarters were needed and the good doctor rejoiced when a cabled message informed him that money was being raised to build an adequate hospital for his growing work. He wasted no time but made his plans, assembled his workmen, and in a short while the walls of the new building were being laid. Near by was his residence, so near that Mrs. Macklin could look from her windows into the operating room where her doctor husband was so often at work. Near, too, was the school building and dormitory of the boys' school where a busy work was moving forward and gaining in popularity among the Chinese people. Two other missionary residences were also very near and the mission was taking on an air of permanence and stability.

In March of 1893, the Drum Tower Hospital was formally opened and dedicated with impressive ceremonies. What a contrast was this to the opening of that humble medical center in 1890 when rioters tried to put an end to the work; or to the opening of the dispensary at South Gate in 1887 when the opposition was so severe that the doctor could do no work for some months after renting the quarters. Now, instead of howling mobs, flying stones, and abusive epithets, there were two hundred and fifty admiring Chinese who came to do honor to their doctor friend and to celebrate this occasion. Among

this crowd could be distinguished learned scholars, important officials, and wealthy merchants. Firecrackers were exploded, candles were burned, incense made the air fragrant, tea was served. Crimson scrolls and banners of loveliest silk were hung on the hospital walls by many of the guests. Richly embroidered in Chinese characters, these extolled the doctor's virtues and wished him long life and happiness. Later the practical doctor discouraged this custom and urged grateful patients who wished to eulogize him with scrolls to give money instead and thus help care for the charity patients. In the beginning years, however, these scrolls gave the hospital prestige, commended it to all who entered, and made closer friends of the donors.

Charity work was begun as soon as the new hospital was opened. Two large airy basement rooms were made into wards and the doctor began bringing in the poor unfortunates whom he saw suffering and dying along the streets. Their lives he could not always save but at least they could spend their last hours in a clean, warm room and know the comfort of a filled rice bowl and a cup of steaming tea. His "beggar wards" were always crowded and the doctor was continually devising ways by which he could care for more of these poor fellows who had taken such a hold upon his sympathetic heart.

Into the city homes and into the villages he went with his work of healing, as well as to the dispensary which he still continued to operate on the other side of the city. But medical work by no means marked his full schedule of service. He had his regular circuit of country and village preaching and made itinerating trips to farther places as frequently as the medical work permitted his absence. Inns opened to him when they were closed to others. People listened to him when they turned aside from others. They were learning to know and love and trust this sturdy man. Seeing him from afar riding his horse toward their clustered huts, they would pass on the glad cry,

"Ma Ling\* is coming!" and a crowd would be ready and waiting for him, pouring out of humble homes, tea houses, shops, and fields in response to the call.

Dr. James Butchart joined the mission in 1891 and the two doctors shared the responsibility of the medical work until 1897 when Butchart and T. J. Arnold were permitted at last to settle in Luchowfu. In 1896 Dr. Daisy Macklin arrived in Nanking to share her brother's work and give invaluable service until 1900 when ill health necessitated her return to Canada where she practiced medicine in Stratford until her death in 1925. She took from her brother's shoulders much of the routine responsibility that irked him and thus freed him for the many types of service that he was rendering.

During this decade Shanghai as well as Luchowfu was added to the mission centers. Work was opened there by Mr. and Mrs. James Ware and later shared by Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bentley. The four bachelors from England, Hearndon, Saw, Arnold, and Hunt, married, and thus four more women were numbered with the mission. Miss Emma Lyon and Miss Rose Sickler joined the mission group and later came Miss Mary Kelly, Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garrett, Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Whelpton, and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Titus. These and others previously mentioned were co-workers with Dr. Macklin in the pioneer years that led up to 1900. Mrs. Williams died in America in 1892. Later Miss Rose Sickler and Mr. Williams were married and soon thereafter Mr. Williams resigned from the mission to do literary work. Mr. Hearndon was drowned while attempting to cross a swollen river during an evangelizing trip and Mrs. Hearndon died some months later. Mr. Saw died from typhus fever contracted while caring for famine refugee patients. Of all these, challenging stories might be told.

In 1894 Dr. and Mrs. Macklin with the two young sons and a small daughter, Marion, journeyed to America for their

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\*The Chinese name of Dr. Macklin.—Author.



first furlough. As soon as the little family was comfortably settled in Lexington, Kentucky, the doctor hurried to New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, eager for special study in medicine's newest developments. A splendid opportunity for medical work in this country offered large financial returns but it seems to have tempted him not at all. Much time was given to speaking in churches and to convention groups. His simple, unvarnished but impassioned stories stirred people as he pictured the needs and opportunities of his beloved China. There was a trip to Canada, too, to visit the Macklin family where the doctor met for the first time some of his young half-brothers and sisters, and proudly introduced his wife and children.

Back in China busy years followed with all the usual activities in the doctor's missionary work. Another son, George, was added to the family circle which was broken soon thereafter by the death of the beautiful little daughter, Marion. Her illness baffled her doctor father and all the other doctors in Nanking and Shanghai, and finally in 1897 they laid her away sorrowfully but in triumphant faith. "I felt that I must give her to God with song," wrote Mrs. Macklin, and so in those first moments of crushing grief she sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and the hymn that had been the child's favorite through her long illness, "Shall We Gather at the River." The little foreign burying ground, Tsing Liang Shan (Clear Cool Mountain), received her body. The service was in English, but wanting the Chinese helpers who had so faithfully served the family during the months of illness to share in the last moments at the grave, the mother again sang, this time in Chinese, the only hymn she knew in that language, "Jesus Loves Me." In all the years that the other children were with their parents in Nanking the father made it the custom to take them on Easter Sunday morning to visit the little mound.

More sorrow and trouble awaited the Macklin family. During the winter of 1897-1898 Mrs. Macklin was critically ill. While still weak and shaken she stood in the doorway one

afternoon watching her sturdy sons at play in the bamboo thicket in the far corner of the compound. She saw the doctor returning from one of his afternoon itinerating trips, but he was not riding in his usual way. Something must be wrong. Word was sent to the gateman to open the gate quickly and the doctor soon rode in, slumped over his horse and stained with blood. Some children had called to him that rough men were defacing the tombs in the foreign cemetery. Wheeling his horse about he rode hard toward the place. His horse stumbled and fell. The doctor was thrown and his knee was severely cut on the sharp rocks. Doctors were summoned and while waiting for them to arrive the wounded man called for antiseptics and cleansed his wound. Following this accident came a severe illness, caused probably from spurious quinine. While he lay weak and ill, the stifling summer heat settled upon the city. "I can't live here," he murmured as he tossed about. "To the mountains," he begged.

"I must take him," insisted Mrs. Macklin.

"You can't," argued the long-time friend, Dr. Beebe, but finally seeing how little chance there was for recovery—"Well, if you think you can."

Mrs. Macklin was herself ill, there were a sick infant, a baby daughter born some weeks earlier, partially paralyzed, and three energetic sons to look after in addition to the very sick man. A steamer would leave the pier at Hsia Kwan at day-break the next morning. There would be no other for three days, and three days more in this terrible heat might be fatal. It was already mid-afternoon of an oppressively hot day. Summoning all her strength, she called together her Chinese helpers and preparations were made to catch the steamer for the trip to Kuling, summer resort in the mountains. There were many things to think of—clothing and other personal baggage for a trip that went from summer heat to cool mountain air, bedding and provisions for the three-day journey, medicines and supplies for the little mountain cottage that was not fully

equipped for housekeeping. Somehow it was done and before midnight the family and the Chinese helpers were at the river's edge. Beds were set up under the stars. When dawning light first touched the eastern horizon the steamer's warning whistle was heard, beds were hastily folded, baggage was assembled, and by the time the boat came to anchor they were ready to go aboard.

How grateful now for Kuling! Earlier a trip to Japan would have been necessary. In 1895 two missionaries with a passion for mountain-climbing had discovered a lovely, restful, well-watered little valley four thousand feet in elevation, cupped between mountain ranges and ideal for a retreat from summer's heat. It had been purchased from the Chinese government for a small sum, a company had been organized, lots sold, and cottages built. Kuling became a place of joy and blessing to missionaries and other foreigners in central China. To the Macklins, after that agonizing three-day trip by river steamer and sedan chair, it meant literally life. The coolies who carried the ill man on a bed slung between poles declared repeatedly, as they peered beneath the covering that shielded his face, that he was dead. But Kuling brought health and vigor to him. The tiny daughter was laid to rest on the mountain's slopes before summer was over. Late the following summer in Kuling another little daughter came to the Macklin home. She was given her mother's name, Dorothy.

The doctor's report for that year, 1899, makes no reference to his severe illness further than to say, "On account of sickness I did no work for four months of the year." Then follows a record of activities that would make a well man weary: twelve thousand cared for in his hospital and dispensaries; public services conducted daily for the out-patients; regular Bible classes for the inpatients; three afternoons weekly devoted to his country itinerating trips, visiting twelve villages regularly and others as time permitted; Sunday afternoon services in Hsia Kwan. He preached as much as any other missionary though he held no theological degree. He distributed tracts and

portions of the Scriptures ceaselessly. He thought nothing of a full day in the saddle, riding hard all day long except as he paused frequently to preach to groups along the way.

In his early years Dr. Macklin had dodged stones and listened to muttered curses. As the century drew to a close he heard more and more frequently the glad cry, "Ma Ling is here, Ma Ling is here." Seeing him pass, coolies along the street nudged one another and whispered, "There goes Jesus Christ." A ricksha puller one day refused to take the money which the doctor offered him at the end of a ride. "What's the matter, isn't it enough?" asked the doctor, to which the coolie replied: "Don't you remember me! When I was sick you took me in. You were kind to me. Sir, you saved my life. I can't take money from you." Cultured scholars, dignified officials, successful merchants were his loyal friends, too. As the new century dawned on the mission and the Macklins in China, he was no longer the pioneer but the fully equipped, seasoned versatile missionary, honored for his manifold labors and his generous deeds, hailed as friend and helper wherever he went.





PART THREE:

AS THE YEARS COME AND GO



*Daylight and darkness fly swiftly as arrows,  
Days and months as the weaver's shuttle.*

—CHINESE LITERATURE.

## AS THE YEARS COME AND GO

The dawning years of the twentieth century brought to China the terrible Boxer Uprising whose fury of hatred was spent largely to the north and east of the Yangtze Valley although foreigners everywhere were forced to seek safety in the port cities. Once more the Macklin home was the scene of hurried preparations for travel. Three excited young sons gathered up schoolbooks and made effort to conceal unwieldy toys in corners of trunks and boxes. Even the small toddler, Dorothy, caught the spirit of packing and clung to her favorite doll until room was made for it in the rapidly growing heap of baggage. The trip to the river was accomplished without danger, though sullen hostility was evident. An official friend of the doctor, one of those numerous Chinese to whom he had rendered kindness, sent a carriage to care for the family. The gates of the city clanged shut between the doctor and his family, but not for long. As soon as he could make adjustments in the hospital and dispensaries he also went down to Shanghai. During the next six months he made frequent trips between Shanghai and Nanking, looking after his family in one place and his work in the other. During these months a daughter, Louise, was born, to be known in the Macklin family as "our second refugee baby."

By the end of the year it was considered safe for the foreign women and children to live in the interior, and the Macklins returned to Nanking. Furlough was soon due but it was hard for the doctor to get away. In the spring of 1902, Mr. C. E. Molland died in Wuhu and a few months later Mrs. Molland began her long and devoted service as matron of the Drum Tower Hospital. With her capable help things were soon running smoothly again and the Macklins could plan to leave.

Dr. and Mrs. Macklin had been delaying this furlough not alone because of the pressing needs of the doctor's work but



also because it meant leaving the two oldest boys in the homeland when they should return to China. There was no other way. The boys were in their early teens and needed organized school life. They had had little routine school work, though they had been well trained by their parents. Their mother gave them regular hours of instruction in the "schoolroom," a room of the home fitted with desks and set aside for school hours. Their father taught them whenever and wherever it fitted into his crowded schedule. His children never knew when he would suddenly turn teacher. Perhaps they followed him to his garden when he was at his morning hoeing and there would come a lesson in botany. Morning and evening worship in the family circle provided both religious teaching and training in reading aloud. Each child held his own Bible and took his turn at reading a verse. Evening walks about the city gave opportunity to study the stars. During the day at the hospital the doctor casually tucked in hygiene and laboratory classes in biology, chemistry, and physics. Mature Chinese medical students and the youthful American boys shared together the instruction, rubbed shoulders as they peered into the microscope, and engaged in animated debate, spurred on by the doctor-teacher who liked nothing better than to start an argument and encourage his pupils to think for themselves.

The doctor's lady faced the preparation for furlough travel with something of consternation. There were so many things to do. A look at her wardrobe brought a troubled frown and a very human yearning. She wished she might have a really stylish dress. She could face the difficulties of travel and the shy dread of meeting people "in the States" if she had one dress in which she was sure she looked her best. She wanted to make a good impression upon the friends who had remonstrated with her for marrying "that missionary doctor." Out from a trunk she dragged a lovely green riding habit, relic of the days when she was the fashionable Dorothy DeLany. The smell of moth balls filled the air as she shook it out and looked it over critically. Perhaps the Chinese tailor who was so apt at sewing for

men and boys could fashion a frock in which she could achieve the desired ease among the people at home. Finished, the dress had only a made-over look, but it was the best the tailor could do, and with a wry smile at her own discomfiture she turned to the task of preparing six children for the long voyage across the Pacific and the journey across the United States. The youngest child was a boy, Charles, just one month old when the family left Nanking, and known to all fellow-travelers as "the baby in the basket." This basket, ingeniously contrived by the mother and made by a Chinese man according to her specifications, carried the youngest Macklin comfortably through all the days of travel.

The summer was spent in Berkeley, California, where the doctor, who had become increasingly interested in gardening and farming, did his first technical studying of agriculture in the University of California. In the fall they settled in Des Moines, Iowa, where Mrs. Macklin's sister, Mrs. Garst, now widowed, lived with her three children. Thence the doctor went for medical study to the East, giving time also to speaking in churches and conventions, everywhere laying upon the hearts of the people the needs of his beloved China. In a medical examination that won for him the license to practice in ten states he made the highest record of all the entrants. During this period Mrs. Macklin was seriously ill for many months and he was preparing himself for work at home if they were unable to return to China. Next he began casting about for the best place to leave the two older boys. Ames, Iowa, with its great agricultural college was finally his choice. To better know the place themselves and to see to the settling of their boys the parents made plans at once to move to Ames, where they built a small cottage that was to be the home for the two young students during the next five years.

The Macklins had faced danger in time of riots and persecutions, they had gone through serious illnesses, they had given up two of their children in death. There is, however, no more touching chapter in all their experiences than this

time when the family of eight was separated, to live half a world apart. Mrs. Macklin in her physically weakened and nervous condition, emotional, home-loving, faced her ordeal, saying, "The task has been begun. Shall we be quitters or can we by God's help go back? Business goes on. Science tarries not. Exploration never ceases. Shall missionaries alone cry out, 'We cannot go'?" Every possible convenience for the two boys was thought of, the little mother even rolling and sterilizing bandages and putting them away in convenient places for the accidents that might come, the fingers that might be cut and burned in the unaccustomed tasks and chores. It had been decided that the most economical plan would be for the boys to keep house, taking in roomers, too, in the extra rooms that had been provided in the little cottage.

To fathom the missionary heartache and sacrifice—it scarce seems right to pry into their farewell hours and the wrench of parting. Some missionary parents decide that they must stay at home and be with their children through the plastic, tender student years. Others feel that once the hand has been set to the task they must go back and leave the children behind. Whichever the decision, it is made in soul struggle and prayer. No missionary will let you talk of sacrifice—they don't make sacrifices, they stoutly affirm—until they face and solve for themselves the problem of the children's education.

As they left with the other four the parents promised the left-behind boys that they would return in five years for a short visit. This they did in 1910 and the loneliness and hardship of the time of separation were all forgotten as the family was united in the little cottage which the boys had at its clean and shining best to welcome the arriving members. New paper and paint, a rug on the floor—things looked homelike and inviting. "To be able to prepare a meal and see them eat it, to put away the clean clothes, to darn the socks and sew on buttons, and to do the thousand tasks that mothers like to do for their sons!" exclaimed Mrs. Macklin in her joy. Severe illness came to her and interrupted the happy routine,

forcing her to go away for recuperation. The doctor did all the usual furlough things. He investigated the newest thought and the newest instruments of medical science. He studied the developments in agriculture. He considered the plants, trees, and domestic animals most suited to China's needs. He was especially interested in finding the breed of cow that would thrive best in central China. He wanted the finest quality of seeds for China's soil. He wanted people to know about China, too, and gave his time generously to speaking in churches. He took his wife away to a place of quiet where she might regain health. He found time to get acquainted with his boys.

The furlough ended. Another hard separation was upon the family. This time the third son must be left at home. The three boys ran alongside the moving train, waving first to the group at the car window, their teary but bravely smiling mother and the small sisters and brother, and then as the train gained speed, to the father standing on the observation platform. He was soon lost in the fast widening distance. The boys went back to their books and their chores; the rest of the family returned to China.

Nanking—home again. "Is this the picture of your family when you left home?" we asked. "Oh, no," came the answer, "this is our picture when we were going home." And suddenly it dawned on the questioner that though we misunderstood one another we meant the same thing. To the Macklins of China it was not "leaving home" but "leaving for home" when they left the States to return to China.

It was at the beginning of this fourth term of service that some missionary wrote from China: "Dr. Macklin's work is a monument of grace. No man puts more reverence into his service or less trimming on his coat. His is a beneficent work that interprets the whole missionary purpose. Dr. Macklin is a prince among men."

Not as a prince, however, but as a workman who must get everything done today, did the doctor plunge into the tasks



that awaited him. His mornings were given to his medical work. Afternoons he was off on his horseback itinerations. He gave time to language study and translations. His gardens took some part of every day. Plans were taking shape to put the poor on public lands. He was a busy, busy man!

The revolution in China and the attendant sieges of Nanking in 1911 and 1913 interrupted the doctor's well-established routine of work. In each siege the family was hurried off to the safety of Shanghai. The doctor himself cared for wounded soldiers, calmed frightened people, looked after refugees. He helped bring peace to the besieged city and was everywhere honored.

In 1914 there came to Dr. Macklin an invitation from the churches of the Disciples of Christ in Australia to visit that country and speak in the churches and in their annual convention. When they learned that the doctor would be willing to come if Mrs. Macklin and the children accompanied him, steamship reservations for the entire family were at once sent to him to insure acceptance of the invitation. The trip had much to commend it. It would be a rare opportunity to present the needs of China to new groups of people and a beneficial change for the family. "We'll make it a wedding anniversary," decided the doctor, remembering suddenly that they had been married just a little more than twenty-five years. "It will be like a furlough, too," answered Mrs. Macklin, but added to herself as she hurried off to start the preparations for travel, "Only we will not see our three boys."

Four weeks of ocean travel and then four busy, happy, profitable months in Australia. The children were put in boarding schools in Sydney while the parents traveled about. The doctor spoke in the largest churches throughout the land, in smaller churches, too, and in the annual convention of the churches. He addressed great audiences in public halls. His days were crowded with special lectures, meetings, and conferences. Wherever they went, there were dinners, receptions,

teas, and sight-seeing trips. They were royally entertained in the finest of homes. There were receptions by government and municipal officials, too. Through the courtesy of government officials, railroad and steamship managers, and individuals, special privileges and opportunities for travel, sight-seeing, investigation, and interviews were granted the visiting doctor and his lady. Before sailing for China the doctor spent some time in New Zealand visiting the churches and there received the same enthusiastic response as in Australia.

From the time of his entrance into China the doctor believed firmly in union work. He rejoiced in the organizing of the University of Nanking, the Nanking Theological Seminary, the Bible Teachers' Training School, and Ginling College. He turned his hospital over to be the medical unit of the university. He offered his gardens to the College of Agriculture and Forestry to be used as experiment stations. He taught classes in the seminary and training school, translating his own textbooks for his courses.

Cooperative education of the missionary children was worked out by busy missionary mothers and grew finally into Hillcrest, a splendid school building on the hills overlooking Nanking. This school was supported by the parents of the children enrolled, and became an inseparable part of Nanking's foreign colony. For the Macklins it meant that the three younger children remained with their parents until the 1918 furlough.

When the family left for the fourth furlough, in 1918, the Chinese heaped honors upon this man who had so greatly served among them and who, in spite of difficult days and changing ways, had plodded steadily and unswervingly onward, doing his share in "laying straight a highway for his King." The governor of the province sent an elaborately illuminated document, expressing regret at his leaving and hope for his early return. The rumor was circulated in the city that he would not return and from high and low came letters begging him to come back. A banquet was given him by the city officials

at which the most laudatory speeches were made and rich presents were given, among them many silken and velvet scrolls, beautifully embroidered, and a framed picture of the governor of the province. At the time of his departure a missionary wrote: "One cannot even mention the farewell receptions and dinners given by his Chinese friends. Before the last of these feasts there was a parade, at the head of which was carried in a sedan chair a picture of the doctor, bigger than life size, an honor usually posthumous. Then when the morning came for them to go away, the liveryman from whom we usually hire carriages sent word that he would take the doctor and his family to the station. In due time there appeared a big new automobile in which the proprietor himself drove the Macklins to the station. To cap the climax, the governor sent an escort of mounted police to accompany him to the station and these lined up along the tracks and stood at attention until the train disappeared. It is making no invidious distinction to say that no one in Nanking other than Dr. Macklin could have been so honored and few men anywhere are more worthy of it."

That was 1918. The World War was on. In France whole companies of Chinese coolies were at work digging trenches. They were far from home, lonely, in strange surroundings. The barrier of language kept them from understanding what was going on around them. Illiteracy deprived them of the satisfaction of correspondence with their families. A missionary working among them wrote from France, "Among the Chinese in the service here no foreigner is better known than Dr. Macklin." The general feeling was that he could do more than any other man for these poor homesick fellows. So he was asked to go overseas and work among them. The armistice, however, halted these plans and instead of going to France the doctor was soon on his way to China. This time he and Mrs. Macklin set forth alone, the second trio of children being left in the United States to complete their higher education.

In the fullness of his years he faced his fifth term of service in China. The routine schedule of earlier years was no longer

followed. He carried no responsibility in the institutional work of his mission, but followed instead the several bents that interested him and through which he was able to make a large and unique contribution to the bettering of conditions and to the uplift of the people to whom he had dedicated his life.

He served as Adviser for Public Health for the entire province of Kiangsu, preparing as a part of his duties a series of health articles for the newspapers and translating the *Manila Handbook of Public Health*. The police commissioner paid for the publication of the latter and his officers saw to its distribution. Later the Canton government asked permission to publish this book for distribution in their province also. The Nanking police force asked him to make translations of books and pamphlets for which they paid and which they distributed among the people. They also asked him to give them a series of health lectures and to hold classes in first aid for them and for the populace. These were very popular. Crowds came and listened eagerly to this seasoned veteran, who told them just what they ought to do, revealed the foolishness of their cherished superstitions, poked fun at their beliefs and practices, and persuaded them to try sanitary and sensible methods.

"It's queer teaching and contrary to the ways of our ancestors," said one old man, with much wise shaking of the head, as a group of them talked over what Dr. Macklin had said.

"But it must be true if Ma Ling says it," added a second.

"Might be all right to try it," said the third, cautiously.

"Huh, I'd like to know who could be as clean as that," grunted a fourth, as he listened to the conversation and at the same time peered nearsightedly at a health poster spread before him.

Still the energetic doctor taught in the mission schools, spent much time profitably in the tea house visitation, distributed tracts, and itinerated in the country near by. He lectured to the Nanking Reform Society, an organization enrolling in its membership officials, teachers, and many prominent leaders.



He organized a branch of the Red Cross in Li Yang, a little city near Nanking, and helped establish a well-equipped hospital which prospered and gave blessing to the people of Li Yang.

In his gardens he experimented with methods and seeds, producing the finest of fruits and vegetables. He gave increasing attention to his bees and taught bee culture to a group of university students and to some Buddhist priests who were interested. When he left Nanking he gave his bees to the University of Nanking that the development of this new industry might go on. Concerned as to the best breed of domestic animals for China, he kept cattle and goats also, and the milk from his small herds went to the nourishing of young children. All these activities were for the purpose of adding to and improving China's food supply, or helping the people in their fight against hunger and poverty. "Why should I not do a lot of such things as well as teaching, preaching, itinerating, and translating?" he asked when someone commented upon his many activities and remonstrated with him for being always so busy. Hobbies they were, all of them, but useful activities that brought benefit to many, gave satisfaction and pleasure to him, and helped keep him in rugged health.

In 1925 Dr. Macklin came to his sixty-fifth birthday and completed forty years of service. According to the ruling of his board\* the time for his retirement had come. His colleagues, however, were loath to let him go and asked the board at home to grant him five years more of service. To this request the home board gave consent and that was the plan rudely interrupted by the 1927 difficulties.

Following the death of Sun Yat-sen in 1925, leadership of the nationalist forces fell upon General Chiang Kai-shek, who soon had his army ready to march northward from Canton. As they marched, the communistic spirit grew and in some sections of the army there was no respect for property or life. Hatred

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\*Dr. Macklin went out to China under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society but in 1919 this board and other boards of the Disciples of Christ combined their work in the United Christian Missionary Society, with headquarters in Indianapolis, Indiana.—Author.

of the foreigner flared like unto that of the Boxer days. Chiang Kai-shek said, "I have no quarrel with Christianity. Missionaries will always be welcomed as heretofore." But in spite of his attitude there was much propaganda against missionaries and frequent attacks upon them.

During the earlier weeks of 1927, rumors and counter rumors were circulated freely in Nanking as the southern army, marching steadily northward and everywhere victorious, came nearer and nearer to Nanking. A detachment of the northern army established itself in the city and it became all too evident that there would be fighting. Plans were formulated for hurried flight if necessary. Meeting places for foreigners were agreed upon; routes were mapped out for them to reach the naval vessels riding at anchor in the river; everyone was informed as to the course to follow; trunks and boxes were packed to ship to Shanghai if it proved necessary to go. Then they waited, tense, anxious, for what might come. They considered the best course of action not alone for themselves, but for the work they represented and the Chinese Christians who also were in grave danger because of their friendship with the foreigners. On March twenty-first heavy firing was first heard to the south of the city. On the following day the consuls sent messages to all foreigners advising that women and children and all men who could possibly leave their work go at once to the prearranged meeting places and thence aboard the waiting ships. Again in the Macklin home there was the confusion of last-minute packing and hurried departure. Again there was separation for these two in time of grave danger and heart-sickening uncertainty. The daughter, Dorothy, who with her husband lived in Nanking, had left the city a few days earlier.

On the twenty-third, firing ceased. Everything was quiet. Northern soldiers poured out of the city and retreated northward rapidly and in orderly fashion. There was very little looting. Suspense eased, for surely now the southern forces would take the city without bloodshed. But on March 24

a tornado of anarchy broke loose—a savage hatred of foreigners and a bloodthirsty determination to do away with them. The communistic forces had gained the ascendancy.

Alone or in groups the foreigners met their ordeal. There were more than a hundred of them in the city, mostly missionaries. They faced hostile soldiers mad with the lust for loot. Each bargained for his own life, or the lives of those nearest to him, for the safety of Chinese associates and students, and for the protection of mission property. They witnessed the wanton destruction of their homes and their most cherished possessions. They looked into the muzzles of loaded guns and felt the sword point pressed threateningly to the body. They listened to the discussion as to the manner and place of their execution. There was the piercing uncertainty as to the fate of friends, the dread of the word that every messenger would bring. They heard of the wounding of some of their number. Most terrible and disheartening of all was the death of the well-loved Presbyterian missionary, Dr. Williams, vice-president of the University of Nanking, who was killed on the street near his home. Unconfirmed rumors added to the tenseness of that most difficult of days. It was their hour of supreme testing. They knew the selfless loyalty of Chinese friends who stood between their missionaries and the leveled guns of their persecutors, pleading for the missionaries' lives, bringing forth ransom money, finding places of hiding, and when opportunity offered itself, guiding them to places of safety.

What of Macklin, the veteran? The soldiers came to his Drum Tower residence where he and his son-in-law, M. L. Hancock, waited together. Staunchly he met them. They threatened to kill him but were awed into harmlessness when he looked them unflinchingly in the eyes and said, "It makes little difference to the Christian where he dies, as he has a heaven to which to go." They demanded money. He gave them what he had and they left. Soon others came and with

drawn swords demanded more money. "Under the circumstances," says Dr. Macklin, "we made ourselves very courteous and polite." To the soldiers he said, "The house is yours," and treated them as graciously as though they were honored guests. He brought forth tea, cakes, oranges, bread, and jam, and hospitably urged them to eat, pressing more and more food upon them and thus fencing for time while he dispatched notes to various people from whom he hoped to borrow money with which to rid himself of his vicious visitors.

They investigated everything in the house, destroying some things, loading themselves with others which they fancied and wished to keep. After a time, satisfied that there was nothing more to interest them in the place, they left, taking the two with them, forcing them to march ahead at the point of the bayonet.

Writing of this experience, the doctor said in his plain manner of speaking: "As we went up the street past my old hospital it seemed so degrading to me to be thus driven by those rascals that I turned around and called to a soldier to take a shot at me. He did not do so. In spite of the danger there was a feeling of elation. We were not dominated by these soldiers. We had 'a rendezvous with death' but our religion was good for it. . . . We passed the church, and Christians and teachers offered to put out money to help us, but I advised them not to do so for fear they would be looted. When we reached the university, officers met us and the soldiers left."

As fast as they could be rescued from their homes and hiding places the missionaries were being brought by their Chinese friends to one of the buildings of the university. Other groups of foreigners were assembling in other prearranged places. Shooting went on around their places of retreat. Into the upper room where the missionaries were gathered, soldiers finally forced their way and at the point of guns searched these men and women for any hidden valuables. A barrage from the foreign boats in the river finally brought safety to the besieged foreigners and the promise of safe conduct to the river



was granted for the next day. During the evening of March twenty-fourth and the morning of the twenty-fifth the remaining foreigners were brought to the places of safety. During that morning, too, some of them, Dr. Macklin among the number, went out into the city to inspect their homes and see if anything of value might be retrieved. It was then that Dr. Macklin learned of the incident of his bees, a matter that was to become world-wide news. Several soldiers, seeing some neat white boxes set in a row, decided to investigate, suspecting that here something of value must be concealed. Boldly they advanced and thrust their drawn swords into the boxes. Ingloriously and with all speed they fled when swarms of angry bees emerged and attacked them viciously as they ran.

The home of the Macklins through so many years was a sorry sight to the doctor's eyes. Everything was destroyed. Furniture was battered to pieces. Pictures, keepsakes, the entire library, boxes of books, tracts, translations that were packed away, and unpublished translations that were awaiting the printer's hand were all destroyed.

Later that day the foreigners, under protection, were taken to the river and aboard the waiting vessels. On a British destroyer Dr. Macklin made the trip to Shanghai, sharing the stateroom of the chaplain.

Down in Shanghai Mrs. Macklin and the other foreign folk waited. Hours that had been tense with worry and heart-rending anxiety gave way to joy and thanksgiving as the boats came in bringing friends and families to safety. The Macklins, reunited, made plans for their return to the United States, and left Shanghai by the first available steamer. They paused in Japan for three weeks of delightful travel. A postponed wedding trip it was, for the doctor forty years earlier had promised his bride that some day, as soon as possible, they would have a real honeymoon trip through the land where they had first met. Refreshed and gladdened by this experience they voyaged across the Pacific and came again to the United States.

PART FOUR:

HIS VERSATILE SERVICE



*It is better to put a lamp in a dark place  
than to light up a seven-storied pagoda.*

—CHINESE PROVERB.

## MEDICAL MAN

"William E. Macklin, M.D." On the plate-glass door of an office in the United States or Canada that name would have marked, no doubt, the consulting room of a well-known successful physician. Over in China it meant the well-loved doctor missionary whose ministering skill brought not only life but life more abundant to uncounted people. And there, too, it meant a name spoken with praise, adoration, and something of reverential awe by those who knew his healing touch. Like Luke, the physician disciple, Macklin was the beloved physician to thousands. Like his Master he went about doing good and healing all manner of diseases. Only a winged spirit endowed with eyes to see, ears to hear, and the ability to make notes in shorthand could have kept the records of this vigorous man!

In the very beginning of his work Dr. Macklin combined forces with the two other medical missionaries in Nanking, Drs. Beebe and Stuart of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, in the training of assistants. Later, in 1897 or 1898, Dr. Hart of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Wuhu joined in this work. This early venture in union teaching became the medical unit of the University of Nanking when it was organized in 1910. As this work was enlarged Dr. Macklin voluntarily resigned his position as director of his Drum Tower hospital so that it might become the "University Hospital." In popular terms, however, it remained "Dr. Macklin's hospital," and today the old familiar name is still heard among the older people of Nanking. Ma Ling's hospital and Ma Ling's work cannot easily be forgotten. In 1917 the medical school was moved to Tsinanfu in Shantung Province, but the union hospital maintained the old location in Nanking and there it still serves.

For many years he had no trained nurses or other assistants and there was every form of disease to treat and operations to



be performed. He had to look after the sterilization of his own instruments, see personally to putting the operating room in order, give proper care to his patients, attend to the details of the changing of dressings, care of wounds, giving of medicines, and the choice and preparation of foods. His helpers were willing but untrained, and the most carefully given instructions were sometimes forgotten, misunderstood, or considered unnecessary. Then, too, his patients must be guarded from oversolicitous and superstitious relatives. These relatives often had ideas of their own as to the sick one's needs. They might smuggle in forbidden foods and strange concoctions mixed according to some ancient formula. There were ways they had, too, to drive out the evil spirits that were causing the sickness. One well-meaning woman, believing the evil spirit had lodged itself in the back of a relative suffering from indigestion, watched her chance when neither doctor nor attendants were near and beat him into insensibility, shrieking as she did so, "The devil is there; I will drive him out." Unfortunately she drove life from the body. Another patient, when told that the only way to save his life was by the amputation of his leg, consented to the operation. But first the family must be consulted. Word was sent to them and the elder brother came with the family decision that they were not willing. To the sick man he said, "You have already lived fifty-four years. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be willing to join your ancestors with only one leg. Better far to die now than to enter the spirit world crippled." The sick man accepted the decision, the operation was not performed, and death came in a few days. There was nothing a doctor could do.

When the evening meal in the Macklin home was over, one would think the doctor might have settled down for a comfortable evening with his family. Rather, with a lighted lantern in his hand, he went regularly to the hospital and made the rounds of the wards filled with suffering patients. For his medical students who accompanied him, these evening visits

became times of valued instruction. As they paused by bedsides the doctor, less hurried than during the day, took time to explain to them the nature of the illness, its cause, and its treatment. Every direction given to them included the reason for it and thus they learned to recognize diseases and to know the remedies. In the dim light of the hall they clustered around the doctor while he talked with them or stood by bedsides as he demonstrated the proper dressing of a wound or the easing of a patient's position. He saw to it that everything was in order for the night; he gave last orders to his helpers; he cared for the belated beggar; he assured himself that his horse had been given proper attention; then home and to rest. It was no unusual thing, in that hardest hour just before the dawn when the sufferer thinks the night will never end, for the doctor to slip from his warm bed and go over to the hospital, laying his cooling hand upon this patient, and speaking a quieting word to that one.

If a case baffled him or a delicate operation were to be performed, he pored over his medical books until late into the night, huddled close to the oil lamp, unaware of the mounting chill of the room, oblivious to the strange night noises of the city or the passing of the hours, as he made ready to give the most skilled service for the life entrusted to him. He was called upon to care for and operate upon missionaries and missionary children of other missions as well as his own. It often happened that several foreign doctors shared in a delicate operation but Dr. Macklin was the one chosen to wield the surgeon's knife.

What a variety of cases to care for! A new medical missionary who spent a morning in Dr. Macklin's hospital gave a vivid account of his impressions: "When I got around about nine o'clock and found four operations scheduled I began to get an idea of surgery in China. One was an eye; one the stump leg to be removed (the feet had fallen off due to infection from foot-binding); one was a fistula; and one was an

ear case, a great running opening, the ear gone. Besides there were any number of common skin diseases and dispensary cases. . . . Think of the nerve required! From cataract to ear, to pus cases, to skin, to general medicine, in four hours. Nor is that all! He runs his own hospital; sees personally to his own sterilization, preparing instruments and dressings; and when the work of operating is over he has to turn nurse and look after all serious cases himself, or in cases not so serious give complete and careful directions. More, he has to see that the hospital is kept clean and in order, the floors swept and scrubbed, the beds kept in shape, and the dressings changed."

The strange theories of this foreign doctor as to disease, sanitation, proper food, and other preventive measures were the subject of much discussion. A missionary chanced one day to hear an old man discoursing gravely and with much dignity on the matter of germs. "They know how to doctor," he said. "There is Dr. Macklin. I have seen him at work. Every patient that goes into his hospital is stuck with a pin, and the doctor takes a little of the blood and puts it under the microscope and sees just exactly what bug the man has. For everything is caused by a bug, and when they know exactly what bug is in the blood, they know exactly what medicine to give to kill it. It is not guesswork; there can be no mistake. There is a different bug for every disease. Now the malaria bug is a very bad one, the opium bug is very fierce, but the ordinary food bug, causing hunger, does not matter; it is all right."

But this doctor was never content to minister to bodies only. He must also speak the word for the healing of the soul. A vigorous program of Christian teaching and preaching went forward, and people were the more ready to hear him because he first had healed them. In 1893 he wrote: "I have as a rule preached to the patients every day. If I have not seen many conversions the good seed is certainly being sown and there will come the time of reaping."

The "beggar wards," that celebrated part of this doctor's medical service, were two large, airy semi-basement rooms of the hospital fitted up for charity patients. A few notes lifted at random from the doctor's medical journals reveal his concern for the poor unfortunates whom he saw everywhere: "I was passing along the street one day (1891) and saw a man lying very sick. Passed by and began to meditate on the Good Samaritan. Was compelled to return and have him carried into our schoolhouse near by. He died, but it was a good text for a sermon. . . . Saw a man lying flat on his back in the slush in the gutter. His feet were frozen black and sticking straight up. Gave him some money to hire men to carry him to the hospital, amputated his legs, and saw him restored to health. . . . Saw a man lying by the roadside dying of starvation and exposure. A few days before he had been a giant for health and vigor but he took sick and his employer, a rice merchant, turned him adrift. He died before I could get him carried to the hospital." Even before the opening of the charity wards the doctor had begun his care of these very poor. His first outcasts were given refuge in straw-matting sheds in a corner of the Macklins' yard, and there they were accustomed to huddle away, emerging only at mealtimes with their empty rice bowls to be fed by the hospital coolies.

Charity patients cost only a dollar and a half a month, but if fifty were cared for it was a heavier tax on the doctor's personal income than he could manage. And how was he to limit the number to fifty from the hundreds upon whom he looked as he went about the streets? The number of beds grew to a hundred and more, and they were always filled. For this work of mercy, funds were not sent from the supporting churches in the United States and Canada. So Dr. Macklin became physician to diplomats, customs officials, railroad constructors, and foreigners, and with fees so earned cared for his beloved poor.

Generous gifts for this charity work came from healed patients and from wealthy Chinese who appreciated what was



here being done for their needy folk. Among the wealthy patients who became generous supporters of the charity work was Chen Lao-ban, an able tea merchant who had been stabbed in the back by a good-for-nothing relative. He had refused to give opium to this relative, whom he must support in accordance with the patriarchal family system, and for this he had received the wound. Dr. Macklin was called out in the middle of a bleak wintry night and rode several miles outside the city in the bitter cold to reach the suffering man, who was almost pulseless from loss of blood. The family had pulled the skin from a freshly killed chicken and dressed the wound with it, believing thus to stop the flow of blood but only increasing the danger of infection. All through the long night the doctor worked with tense earnestness, bringing all his skill to the man's needs. At early morning light he had the patient removed to the hospital and he lived. Believing that he had been dead and was restored to life by the foreign doctor's power, he insisted on hanging on honorary tablet on the hospital walls extolling the doctor's virtue and declaring himself resurrected from the dead. He gave a great feast also, but what was more to the doctor's liking, he became a regular and generous supporter of the charity work.

From among the poor whom he befriended the doctor found some of his best and most devoted helpers. On his way to the country one day on a preaching trip he saw a poor ragged man lying in an old abandoned shrine along the roadside. In his comatose and insensible condition he appeared so nearly dead that no one would carry him to the hospital, though the doctor tried for some time to get help. Walking on into the next village the doctor's thoughts kept returning to the poor sufferer. The wolves would tear him to pieces if he were not rescued. And as he walked along he prayed. Two farmers were soon found who agreed to carry the sufferer the three miles back to the hospital. It was a severe and stubborn case of malignant malaria but the persistent doctor struggled along

with it and finally won his patient to health and vigor. The man proved an excellent nurse, quick to learn and willing to serve, and became one of the doctor's trusted helpers. In the Christian environment he soon wanted to follow the Christ way also.

Another poor old fellow whose body was covered with a severe eczema was healed and later employed as night nurse. The doctor, rising at night to see if his patients were receiving proper care, invariably found the old man awake and busy at his tasks. Feeling that his work was too hard for one so old, the doctor gave him the easier task of acting as gateman at the South Gate dispensary. There he served faithfully and happily until his death.

Lao Lin, another of these healed outcasts, was utterly fearless of contagion and became the night nurse for patients ill with famine fever, cholera, and other deadly diseases. After years of devoted serving he finally fell a victim to cholera. Another fellow, grateful for the healing that had come to him and the kindness shown him, stayed on at the hospital and became its self-appointed barber, going from bed to bed at his difficult and sometimes unpleasant task.

In 1896 the doctor took in Lao Wang, an old tramp who was suffering with a badly infected foot that had been torn by a poisonous thorn. So far advanced was the infection that the entire sole of the foot fell away to the bone. He remained for many months under treatment and gradually the wound contracted and he was able to walk by padding the foot and using a cane. During his long months of suffering he listened repeatedly to the Christ story and finally asked for baptism. "Then we saw enthusiasm," said the doctor. "He could not read but asked the meaning of the characters from anyone who would stop and answer his insistent demands. Inside of a year he was able to read the Bible and hymn book. All day long he would sit in the hospital yard, a pot of tea beside him, and talk to anyone who would listen." And many listened, as

is evidenced by the fact that more than twenty baptisms that year were attributed to his work, and the next year more than sixty, the majority of them soldiers and officers in the army.

The friends of the hospital were numbered not alone among those whom the doctor had trained and healed. Its fame went farther and supporters of the work were made wherever the hospital was known. Traveling on a river steamer one day the doctor, as was his custom, distributed tracts among the Chinese passengers. One of these, a stout, jovial business man from Hankow, fell into conversation with the doctor and as they walked up and down the deck he remarked, "I like to do charity work. I'll give three hundred dollars for your hospital." "That will be fine," was the surprised reply, for the doctor had scarcely mentioned his hospital and was not aware that the other knew of the work. "That will be fine, but first come and see my hospital." The man came, and in the end gave not three hundred dollars but three thousand with which to buy additional land for the expansion of the work.

All the missionaries felt the beneficent influence of the doctor's medical work in breaking down prejudice. Itinerating was made easier. Dr. Macklin and another missionary stopped one night in a strange city and sought in vain for lodging. Every inn, so the innkeepers' explanation uniformly ran, was filled for the night. With much bowing and with many polite phrases they turned away the foreign men. They had no intention of letting them stay for a night and thus bring evil upon their inns and the city. At last, when the travelers were about to give up in despair, Macklin's companion went up the street to make one last attempt. To his surprise he was accosted in cordial fashion by a well-dressed Chinese gentleman who asked his honorable name and the name of the honorable city whence he came. On learning that the traveler came from Nanking his next query was, "Do you then know Ma Ling?"

"Well, rather! He is on the other side of the street." Whereupon, without explanation or the customarily courteous

leave-taking, the man of China dashed across the street, fell upon his knees, and knocked his head upon the ground in proper fashion before the astonished doctor who, hungry, cold, and tired, was chiefly concerned at the moment with two restless horses and the problem of food and shelter. "Come to my home—stay as long as you like—preach as much as you will." He was the father of a small boy who four years earlier had been healed by the doctor-missionary, and was eager to show his appreciation by his hospitality.

Not always, however, in those early years when the Chinese were distrustful of all foreigners did the doctor's name or even his presence bring out a pleasant responsiveness or courteous treatment. Alone one day he stopped in a strange village to distribute tracts and speak to the crowd that gathered round him. He was soon interrupted by a woman who elbowed her way forward and began to harangue the crowd in a shrill voice. "These foreigners come to our country," she leered, "and they take the hearts and eyes and internals out of our people and make medicine out of them. That is the reason they are so smart. Let's drive him away." The people were being swayed by her words into a threatening attitude when a man pushed himself to a place directly in front of the doctor. His nose was gone and an ugly scar further marred his face, which in spite of these disfigurements gave evidence of friendliness. When the doctor paid no attention to him he said in a disappointed tone, "Don't you recognize me?" When the doctor confessed that he did not, he explained, "Why, I came to your hospital and you cut off my nose and made me well." Then the doctor remembered that cancer case that had first looked so hopeless. But this was only bait for the woman, who quickly seized the opportunity to shriek, "See, there is a sample of what I have just been telling you. He cut off his nose."

"He cut off his nose, he cut off his nose." The word was taken up and passed angrily through the crowd. Then the doctor, ever adept at handling crowds, spoke to them jokingly.



"This woman is a public calamity. If you will chip in and contribute the money I will take her to my hospital and remove her tongue. That will rid your village of its chief nuisance." As the mood of the crowd changed to laughter, he mounted his horse and rode off. The woman, seeing that she had been worsted in the affair, slipped away. Her face was saved with her neighbors, however, when the considerate doctor on his return trip a few days later stopped at her inn as though nothing had happened.

Year after year all the land was swept with epidemics of the most dreaded diseases, and the Chinese people, not knowing how to prevent them, looked upon them as the visitations of evil spirits and were helpless. Through them all the doctor worked with grim determination, unafraid, undaunted, and untired, but mindful of every precaution for himself and those who worked with him. Cholera epidemics, when fear stalks everywhere and haunts one's every hour, came to the city with frightening suddenness with the recurrence of every summer's heat. One of the worst of these came in the summer of 1903 when the city was overcrowded with people as the result of a flood of unusual proportions. Dr. Macklin and Dr. Lucy Gaynor of the Friends' Mission worked together, the only foreign doctors in the city. Money was solicited, wealthy Chinese and foreign officials gave liberally, and supplies were bought from which a medicine was compounded and given free to the people. Thus many people were saved, but in the city of Nanking alone one out of every ten people perished. Between forty and fifty thousand died in a month. Corpses lay on the streets, for there was no one to care for the burial. And along these streets with their terrible sights and stench went the missionary doctor and his helpers. Fifty thousand people were treated in that dreadful summer.

In 1908 an unusually severe epidemic of famine fever swept the city. The Yangtze floods had been more devastating and widespread than usual and the city was crowded with refugees

by the multiplied thousands. These were herded together like cattle, and were living in hastily thrown together sheds of straw matting. Under such conditions it was natural that disease should make rapid progress. Again the doctor went among them and gave care to them, though the danger of contagion in famine fever is especially great since the small insects that infest the sufferer's body carry the disease. Pneumonic plague ravaged homes by the thousands, and the doctor fought it, at the same time leading a campaign of education against it.

Smallpox was a yearly pest, to be endured and never mentioned lest the demons take vengeance. Vaccination was feared and avoided until persistent education brought understanding and consent. Malaria was always present, and people, believing that an evil spirit within them caused the chills that shook their bodies, refused to tell the name of their ailment and spoke in frightened whispers lest the demon shake them yet harder. Among the coolies working on the new railroad the doctor found malaria widespread and in malignant form. "You must care for these poor fellows," he said to the officials. "What shall we do?" they asked. "Get corrugated iron and make shelters in my hospital yard," came the answer, "and bring your patients to me there." Two hundred fifty of these men were treated within a few days and most of them recovered. Leprosy there always was and the treatment of these cases was routine dispensary work.

For work in times of danger and death, for campaigns of education against these dread diseases, the doctor was decorated with high honors. Medals were given to him. Newspapers praised his work in glowing words. But deeper than these richly deserved honors—decorations, medals, public recognition, articles in papers—went the record of the doctor's work. And deeper, too, went his tender, ministering love. "One of the pictures on memory's wall, hung there early in my missionary career," says one of the earlier missionaries to China, "is that of Dr. Macklin at night leaning over a dying man who had

probably never heard of the Savior until he came to the hospital. The doctor was telling of His wonderful love and endeavoring to help the man to a saving faith ere his spirit passed." Than that perhaps there is no better way to hold in memory this beloved doctor-missionary and his self-forgetting service.

## REFORMER

Like Saint Francis of Assisi, this kindly doctor "remembered those whom God had forgotten." Year after year the number of unfortunate poor treated in his hospital and dispensaries mounted into the thousands, as many as twenty thousand in one year. To heal the body, however, was not enough for his crusading spirit. Concerned was he with the causes back of the bodily afflictions and with their cure. Why the floods that year after year left such destruction of life in their wake? How to prevent the famine and pestilence that were sure to follow? Why was there such grinding poverty? Why so many people living in misery and want?

Never a very patient man, never yielding to a it-can't-be-helped attitude, but always active, vigorous, hopeful, with him to see a need was to seek a remedy and to find a remedy was immediately to apply it. Here were miserable people whom he had lifted out of their adversity and whose lives he had saved. To dismiss them from his hospital cured but with no means of support would accomplish little. If they must merely go back to the old comfortless living, the outstretched hand and the beggar's whine, back to the rude shelter along the city wall, what good had been done? Surely there was something better! A way must be found! And his gardens did it! First there was his own garden which was a part of his daily activity. Growing things had always had a singular attraction for him. If it was good for him to work in his garden it ought to be equally good for his charity patients. So he reasoned and straightway put them to work. Thus his well-known "hospital gardens" developed with flowers and vegetables in profusion. Three acres of land adjoining the hospital were paid for by a benevolent merchant. This garden became his sanitarium, and more, his way of putting a discouraged down-and-out man



on his feet and sending him forth with work to do and the cherished feeling of independence regained. As soon as a convalescent patient was able to crawl about he was sent into the garden. At first his tasks were easy and in keeping with his strength, a little weeding perhaps, but fresh air, sunlight, exercise, and the man began to mend.

"Now this fellow is not to have anything to eat unless he works," the doctor would say to the hospital cook, within hearing of the man himself. "If a man will not work, he cannot eat" was the law laid down to the patients who were strong enough to be out in the gardens. They knew the doctor meant what he said. The idea worked. They did so like the heaped-up bowl of flaky rice and the cup of steaming tea. So out into the gardens they went and after a few days of easy tasks they could take a hoe and go after the more strenuous work. The doctor-missionary, surrounded by a score or two of his convalescent patients, worked with them. The wholesome conversations that were mixed in with the hoeing! The shared confidences, the practical advice, the drollery, the interesting and helpful stories, the Christ teaching—mental stimulus and soul uplift along with physical betterment. Sometimes work was forgotten as the men crowded around the doctor who, leaning on his hoe, drove home the point of his story. A world traveler, passing the hospital and seeing a foreigner in a laborer's garb working with a nondescript crowd of men, inquired who he might be, and was amazed to know that here was the celebrated Macklin of Nanking.

"My experience with these good-for-nothing beggars, as they were sometimes called, was that ninety-five per cent of them would work hard when they had the opportunity and would make men of themselves," the doctor once said. He was never discouraged because some failed to respond to the kindly treatment and opportunity for better living; never lost heart because of those who turned back after accepting the better way. Rather, he rejoiced over the many who proved worthy and remained faithful.

Whence was to come the opportunity to these who were ready to make the most of it? If people were industrious and willing to work, as the hospital gardens proved most of them to be, why were thousands of people over all of China destitute? Through the long, dreary winter why did they know only bitter cold? Why did they die along the roadside with no one to care? Why did parents, loving their children, yet sell them into slavery? There must be a solution somewhere!

It was not a far step from the hospital gardens to the colonization scheme. Foods, famine, pestilence had always taken their toll of life and left poverty and suffering in their wake and had been patiently endured as something from which there was no escape. But in the early years of the present century floods seemed more widespread and devastating, famines more pitiless in their intensity, pestilences more relentless in their terrible toll of human life. Stark poverty, indescribable suffering, and cruel need were everywhere appallingly evident. Along the city streets, beside the wall, in the gutters and courtyards, along the country lanes and in the villages, one saw the poor, hungry, sick, and dying people. One saw, too, the dead bodies for which there was no one to care. The doctor worked ardently and unceasingly, ministering to the sick wherever he found them, looking after his ever crowded charity wards and providing the means to support them. But this, after all, was but a beginning of all that needed to be done; it reached but a few of the many who needed immediate help. No wonder, when people lay dying everywhere, when thousands were herded together in rudest of shelters, that the plans for putting the poor on unused public lands and the reforestation of the barren hills along the river were rapidly pushed. This was the famous colonization scheme which had been taking shape in the thinking of two like-minded men, Dr. Macklin and Professor Joseph Baillie of the faculty of the University of Nanking. Both Baillie with his experience in famine relief doles and Macklin fresh from caring for sick refugees and un-

fortunates had become concerned with the problem and were delighted when they learned of their mutual interest. So together they drew up their formal plans with "object and articles" properly enumerated for the "Colonization Society of China." They worked with the city elders, many of whom were landowners, and finally won their reluctant consent to throw open sufficient land to care for fifty families. The fifty were selected and settled upon the land, but how little that meant toward the solving of a problem where thousands of families were starving! However, it was a beginning, and some of the government officials were interested.

The revolution and the siege of Nanking in 1911 and again in 1913 naturally interrupted this work, but as soon as things were quieter the two men were again at their plan with renewed zest and determination. The doctor went down to Shanghai to interview the powerful leader of the revolution, Sun Yat-sen, who received him most graciously, listened with mounting interest to his schemes, and gave his approval to the plan. Later, in Nanking as president of the new republic, Sun Yat-sen again received the two men and gave his official approval with seal and signature. All his cabinet members likewise signed the paper declaring their approval of the new "Colonization Society of China." The doctor made a second trip to Shanghai to lecture on the plan. When Yuan Shih-kai became president of the new republic and the seat of government was removed to Peking, Dr. Macklin journeyed thither to interview the president and department officials and place before them the proposed plans. This was another interesting experience. Instead of the leisurely journeying of the earlier trip, a train carried him rapidly from Pukow, just across the river from Nanking, to a station within the city of Peking. While in Peking he was a guest in the home of E. T. Williams, his one-time missionary colleague who had taken up consular and literary work. One of the government officials entertained them with an elaborate Chinese feast. Both Macklin and Williams were "old timers" in their familiarity with the

intricacies of this sort of entertaining. They knew chopsticks, etiquette, and foods. It would be difficult to place before either of them a bowl of food into which they would not dip their chopsticks with as great dexterity and anticipatory delight as any Chinese gentleman. Williams returned the honor with another feast and together the American men with their Chinese friends of the highest ranking in the land talked to their hearts' content the new days and the new ways of China, over bowls of flaky white rice, savory Chinese dishes, and fragrant amber tea. President Yuan Shih-kai and all the department officials gave their approval to the colonization plan. It was a beautiful thing to behold, that page of tissue-thin paper covered with orderly rows of graceful Chinese characters exquisitely lined with brush and ink. Below this outline of the plan and the statement of agreement the president and each member of his cabinet brushed his name in Chinese characters and beside each man's name was placed the official seal of his position. To interest these men, new leaders of a new government, in a plan wholly humanitarian represented real accomplishment. Though the scheme never worked out on any large scale, it was yet a move in the direction of solving a pressing need.

The opium habit which cursed China and held the people in so firm a grip in the days of Dr. Macklin's entrance into the land concerned him greatly and to it he gave much time and attention. As a physician he had ample opportunity to observe the awful ravages of the drug on mind and body and he continually sought the best methods for the cure of the habit which fixed itself so cruelly upon the addicts. When a patient put himself under the doctor's care, he watched him carefully. He knew how advanced was the hold of the habit by the appearance of the patient—a deathlike pallor, dry, yellow skin, and great emaciation. He knew how a man would pawn or sell anything he or his family possessed, how he would go hungry and let his family starve, how he might even sell his wife or child to get the drug, so strong was the craving. He knew how the human system, denied the drug, was torn with



agony. When the pain and torture were most severe he administered soothing medicines and called in masseurs who could ease the suffering. As the craving grew less after some days of treatment he gave tonics to build up and strengthen the body. Many were cured under his careful kindly treatment.

An old, old man, a long-time opium smoker, came to the doctor with a request to be cured. "It may kill you," warned the doctor, observing the weakened condition of the man. "Better dead than living in this fashion," was the sturdy reply. So the struggle began, and as it went forward the doctor again warned his patient of the probable fatal outcome, only to be met with the declaration that he would see it through. And to the doctor's amazement, the man recovered and went forth to a new life.

Opium suicides were frequent. Traveling across country one day, hastening to reach a city some hundred fifty miles away to attend the opening of a mission hospital, Dr. Macklin was called into a farmer's hut where a young woman had just attempted opium suicide. He had no regular remedies with him but did what he could for her. Not wishing to delay longer lest he miss the hospital ceremonies, he suggested that the patient be put on a bamboo cot and carried to the town where he planned to spend the night. The inns, however, refused him lodging when it was learned that with him was a person at the point of death. So to the little church they went for shelter, and all night long, though he had traveled all the day and must be off early the next morning, he and his helpers worked over the sick girl. By early forenoon of the next day she was sufficiently recovered that he could safely leave her and he hurried on, arriving barely in time for the festivities at the new hospital of the Presbyterian mission. On his return journey he stopped at the farm home, and was glad to find the girl strong enough to serve him a steaming bowl of rice.

Soon after the doctor and Saw and Hearndon had moved to the San Pai Lou residence in downtown Nanking the doctor went to Japan to see the Garsts and the "little sister" guest

from the United States, or as he more frankly explains, "went to Japan to seek a life partner." Since the other two men were much away on itinerating trips the supervision of the courts and building which made up the mission center was entrusted to a caretaker, though the doctor felt none too sure of the man's integrity. Returning from Japan he slipped unannounced into his domain and plunged square into the midst of a full-fledged opium den. "You rascals," he shouted in his best Nanking slang, "an opium den in my house! Get out of here as fast as you can." Earthenware vessels were dashed against the wall; pipes were crushed under foot; the obnoxious sign was torn from its place and trampled upon. Manager and customers fled, frightened at the foreigner's anger and his vigorous destruction of the place, dodging well-aimed blows and flying utensils as they ran. Surveying the wreckage with virtuous pride, the doctor settled his coat, mopped the perspiration from his brow, and soliloquized, "It was only a cheap outfit but I did several dollars' worth of damage and told those fellows where to get off!"

Curing the addicts of the drug, saving the suicides, even wrecking a den, did not satisfy this man. Back to "first causes" he must go. He fought the trade that brought the drug into the land. He sought to make the growing of the poppy illegal. He was an active member of an anti-opium society. When the importation of the drug and the growing of the plant were finally made illegal he fought the smuggling that became such a widespread evil and so difficult to detect. Articles from his pen appeared regularly in many newspapers, resulting in one lawsuit that brought welcome publicity to the struggle to stop the lawless traffic carried on by foreign traders. Beyond China he carried his fight. He thundered at the League of Nations. He expressed himself very emphatically, as he himself said to his audiences in the United States. Straight to Washington he went to register his disapproval of the way opium was being forced upon China against her wishes. He talked with senators and congressmen whenever he could gain

an audience and left copies of a carefully prepared statement where interviews were refused. Senator Lodge, head of the foreign relations committee, received him cordially, distributed copies of his statement among the members of his committee, published it in many papers, and spread it upon the congressional records.

All who know Dr. Macklin know of his advocacy of the "single tax." He had always believed in it and then one day a book by Henry George, *Progress and Poverty*, fell into his hands and he was thenceforth completely swayed by the idea. "The earth is the Lord's," he earnestly explains. "Natural resources are God's gift to all people. . . . The land and all that lies therein belong to all. . . . That which is built upon the land belongs to the people who build it. . . . Man-made things are man's property and should be free of tax. . . . Therefore let there be a single tax, a tax on land values only, a tax so heavy that no one can afford to hold land for speculation or in idleness. This tax, or rent for land being used, will then be released for government and community use." To bring this system to the solution of China's economic ills was the doctor's consuming desire. He wrote of it for newspapers and magazines. He interviewed all officials who would listen. He talked it to individuals and in meetings. In China, in Canada, and in the United States the matter of a single tax had a way of getting into his speeches. "Why don't you talk to people about your work in China?" someone inquired, confused by his discussion of land and taxes. "You have such interesting experiences to tell." "How can I talk to people about my work and the needs in China," he replied, with something of pathos in his voice, "unless I tell them also about the remedy for China's economic ills?" And that brought him again to the matter of the single tax!

Knight-errant of all truth against all error! Redeemer under Christ of down-and-out manhood! These are among the titles given to Dr. Macklin as he has striven through the years to

help the needy and downtrodden, to ease poverty and suffering, to bring about better social conditions. One who was a close observer of his work said of him: "It is his interest in the poor more than his medical work or his preaching, lecturing, and writing that has given him his hold upon the hearts and imagination of the Chinese of all classes. He has endeavored to do more than feed and clothe the poor and care for them when sick; his ultimate aim has been to change social conditions so that poverty might be unknown in China. He wants every man to have his chance. That is the glory of his long term as a missionary."

Two missionaries, Macklin and a co-worker, were stranded one cold wintry night in a little walled city. The wind howled around the dismal inn where they found lodging. The lights of the city were out, leaving dense darkness everywhere. Only the cry of the night watchman and the wails of some suffering poor broke the stillness. Macklin, listening, could not sleep. The other missionary, also restless and disturbed, felt someone crawling into his warm bed. It was Dr. Macklin, who had folded up his own oriental bed and taken it outside to cover up some lost waif. The physician, whose glowing love and quick sympathy for the poor compelled him to share with them his own. The reformer, who, as he ministered to individual need and distress, sought always to right the conditions that made for human ills and suffering.



## TRANSLATOR AND SCHOLAR

"I can look back over the years," says the doctor, in reminiscent mood, "and I believe that I have studied the Chinese language almost as much one year as another for thirty years. I never looked upon it as a hardship for it has always been a pleasure to me." From the very beginning he was a zealous student of the language and literature of the land where his missionary work was being done. His first task when he reached Shanghai and again when he was settled in Nanking was to find a teacher and to begin the absorbing study. It was not long until he was beginning to talk with people and to understand what they said to him. His teachers were also his friends and their hours together passed swiftly in pleasing study.

Early in his study of the language he began reading Chinese novels, especially those with a historic background. His teacher wisely recommended those of the most absorbing interest and "to find out what happened next" was sufficient incentive for study. So interesting were these stories, in fact, that he forgot he was engaged in the study of one of the most difficult of languages. With this wide reading there came to him not alone his popular command of the language, but his extensive knowledge of Chinese literature, the classics, fiction, philosophy, history, and legend. Here also he gained his inexhaustible fund of illustrations, quotations, and apt sayings that ever delighted his Chinese hearers. A tribute to his conversational powers came from a man of the streets who said, after talking with the doctor, "His slang is excellent."

Typical of Dr. Macklin's ability to quote the right saying or make the right allusion to the classics was his experience with a Chinese man one day in a crowded tea house. This man, seeing a foreigner with a crowd around him at one of the tables,

pushed forward to a place directly in front of the table. Pointing to the magnificent examination halls across the street and a beautiful temple near by, he questioned, "You don't have anything to equal these in your country?"

"No, we don't have anything like this," the doctor replied in his easy Chinese.

"Oh, you speak our language!" For a moment the man was a trifle taken back. "How did you learn it?"

"I learned to speak your language from one of your excellent teachers," said Macklin, still in good-humored politeness.

Edging closer, the other said insolently, "You don't have anything in your country, do you? You have to come over here and learn from us."

Quick as a flash there came from the doctor one of his apt replies, a quotation from the revered Confucius, "Be diligent in study, but despise not learning from an inferior." The heckler had nothing further to say, for unless one can reply to an ancient saying with another equally appropriate it is better to say nothing at all. "From the proverb there is no appeal." And thus the doctor gained prestige for the cause he represented in the eyes of those who had crowded around. "He knows our proverbs!" they said, delighted. They were, therefore, ready to listen respectfully to whatever he had to say.

It was the doctor's way to begin his messages and conversations in tea houses and elsewhere with some well-known saying, story, legend, or reference to Chinese history and thus immediately capture attention, please his hearers, bring the new doctrine closer to them, and blend it into their everyday experiences and familiar ways. "A good maxim is never out of season," says a Chinese proverb, and these maxims, appropriately used, give the foreigner prestige and lend weight to all he says. Dr. Macklin liked the sound of proverbs, the common sense of them, and their rich epigrammatic value; he liked the use of them in conversation; he enjoyed the play of wits, and the quick retorts that the knowledge of them

made possible. So he worked steadily to gain as wide a use of them as is possible to the foreigner and found satisfaction in using this valued tool. He proved his point and drove home his truth with the aptness of his proverbs.

The doctor recognized the necessity of using the printed page if the thinking of millions was to be changed. He wrote frequently for various Chinese newspapers and other publications, following usually the vernacular style of Chinese. He was long the Nanking correspondent for the Shanghai English papers. For ten years he contributed regularly to the magazine published by the Chinese Literary Society. When Sun Yat-sen started a new publication in Shanghai he asked Dr. Macklin to be one of his contributors. In his writings the doctor discussed religion, politics, economics, health. He denounced corrupt and dishonest officials, the increasing use of cigarettes, the opium curse, strong drink, and the superstitions that bound the people. Utterly fearless and straightforward, he stopped at nothing that he felt needed to be said. He preached, taught, promoted, praised, blamed, with the same zeal, and his printed word had power in far places.

The list of books translated by Dr. Macklin sounds like the tabulation of a life work, and yet this was only a part of his missionary contribution. "I never thought of it as work," he has said. "It was a real recreation, not a task, and I took immense pleasure in it." One wonders when in his crowded days he found the time to sit down to quiet, studious tasks; or how he could turn from his active pursuits to concentrate upon study so exacting as translations. One secret was that he early learned to give his attention to the most important things and to delegate to others those of less importance. Nor did he wait for scheduled hours for his study, but made use of the moments left unexpectedly free and utilized his marginal hours. At the hospital and dispensaries his assistants could recognize as quickly as he the common ailments and prescribe the routine remedies. Meanwhile within easy call sat the doctor with his Chinese teacher beside him. On the table, on chairs, and

on the floor were stacked the books they needed, the text they were translating, Chinese and English dictionaries, reference books that would make clearer the meaning and enrich the Chinese translation with appropriate illustrations from familiar incidents, customs, and teachings. What a picture they made! The Chinese teacher in his scholar's gown with the little round hat upon his head; the doctor in his American clothes, carelessly worn; both of them oblivious to surroundings and intent only upon the task that absorbed them as they wrangled over meanings, words, and construction. The inevitable pot of tea and the fragile, handleless cups were on the table in the midst of books, paper, ink, and brushes. The doctor explained the meaning of the English text in his fluent picturesque Chinese. The teacher wrote, filling page after page with flowing characters. Sometimes they stopped to discuss the meaning further and sometimes those discussions went far afield from the subject in hand, as two congenial souls bandied words back and forth in serious argument or relaxing pleasantry. They drank a cup of refreshing tea and returned with new zest to the task, to stop only when other duties called the doctor away. The thought and content of the book were dictated and this dictation the teacher took home with full liberty to couch the material in his own literary style, so long as the thought and meaning were faithfully kept. The teacher was encouraged also to add illustrations from Chinese life and history and to use suitable proverbs. Thus the work was made more understandable and more valuable to the Chinese readers and it became their own in thought and content as well as in language.

Because Chinese writers had so largely translated the works of French revolutionists and agnostics, Dr. Macklin felt the need for translations of the lives of Christian leaders who had given their countries better government. Books on history, political economy, science, medicine, religion, all fell into his range of translation. For each he saw a peculiar need and each he translated with a particular purpose. "I spent five years of



my *spare time*,"\* he wrote in his journal, "making an abridged translation of Green's *History of the English People*. I myself abridged it from the unabridged volumes. With a good teacher it was like a continual feast." Spare time! The viceroy of the Nanking district accepted a copy of the book and was so delighted with it that he voluntarily wrote a preface to it. Interested Chinese leaders paid for its publication. The viceroy, writing to Dr. Macklin, said: "I received the first volume of the *History of the English People* which you kindly did us the honor to translate. Your abridgment of that extensive work is clear and beautiful beyond comparison. Just at this juncture as we are preparing to establish a constitution and are studying to imitate the governments of various countries, this book will serve the purpose of a mirror to us. For one to read this book two times and do it again three times is better than writing one hundred friends. I particularly thank you and ask after your religious peace." This viceroy had been sent by the empress dowager to several countries to study the constitutional form of government and had but recently returned to Nanking when he received the copy of Macklin's translation, formally presented to him by the British consul at the doctor's request. After reading it he wrote: "I was impressed with the success of popular government in the countries that I visited, but could not learn how it was established though I talked with many on the subject. Now this translation of Dr. Macklin's gives me the information that I desired."

The money for publishing his translated books came frequently from interested Chinese, sometimes from friends in America, and sometimes from the doctor's own funds. Some of the books were first published serially in magazines and newspapers. Among his translations we find: *The Dutch Republic*, Motley; *Swiss Life in Country and Town*; *History of Switzerland*; *History of Egypt*, Breasted; *Life of Thomas Jefferson*; *Larger Life of Jefferson*; *Thirty Years' War*,

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\*The italics are ours!—Author.

Schiller; *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*; *Progress and Poverty*, Henry George; *Protection or Free Trade*, Henry George; *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, Lloyd; *History of Standard Oil*, Ida Tarbell; *Theory of Human Progression*, Dove; *Church of Christ by a Layman*; *Life of Wycliffe*; *Life of Wesley, His Political and Social Influence*; *Environment of Early Christianity*; *Ancient World and Christianity*, Pres-sence; *Church History*; *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, Caird; *History of Ancient Religions*; *Excavations in Bible Lands*; *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, Ward; *Social Statics*, Spencer; *Little White Slaver*, Henry Ford; *Manila Handbook of Public Health*; *Intoxicating Drinks and Drugs in All Lands and Times*.\* Not a complete list! Marginal time! And a range of subjects that covered all areas of need in China's changing life!

To his Chinese teachers Dr. Macklin gives large credit for this prodigious work and speaks in warmest appreciation of his fellowship with them. He recalls the happy comradeship of his hours with his first teacher, King Siang-ru, a Moham-medan, and praises his remarkable ability as a teacher as well as his high merit as a scholar. Well versed in the history and literature of the land, he accompanied and made pleasurable his instruction with many anecdotes and the proverbial philosophy of his people. Says Dr. Macklin, "He was a friend and even a brother to me." Of Li Yu-shu, another of these teachers, the doctor says, "When he died I lost a real friend." And of his last teacher, "I miss him like a friend and brother." In friendship like this and in harmonious companionship he studied and interpreted and made for himself an enviable place as translator and scholar in China.

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\*The list was supplied by Dr. Macklin from memory.—Author.

## ITINERATING EVANGELIST

One wonders if this Dr. Macklin ever had a suit of clothes the pockets of which were not shapeless and bulging? How many times, one wonders, did Mrs. Macklin patch and press those hopelessly abused pockets and patiently remonstrate with him over their misuse? With what were they filled, those bulging pockets? Tracts, of course! Always tracts! Tirelessly and ceaselessly he distributed them as he busied himself with his varied tasks, as he went up and down the city streets, or itinerated in the country round about. His aggressive and persistent evangelism began as soon as he had enough Chinese words to start a conversation. But the distributing of literature began earlier than that. A piece of literature could be handed out without words, or at least with a stated formula that could be learned by rote. And then, too, the tracts made the finest opportunity to begin a conversation which in its turn made way for the spoken message.

On horseback, alone or with a Chinese or missionary friend, he early began riding out into the villages. At making contacts, disarming suspicion, and overcoming opposition he was an expert. In one village where he and a companion stopped for the night, hostile crowds followed them about and rudely jostled them. No inn would open to them. The doctor went to call on the village elder, who refused to see him. Nothing daunted, he sat down beside the official's door and began to quote all the well-known sayings of Confucius and all the proverbs that he knew about hospitality, courtesy, and kindness to strangers. On and on went his quiet, steady voice until the official, who could not shut out the sound, relented and sent word to the keeper of the inn to entertain the foreigners.

In another village he was treated roughly by a turbulent crowd. Seeing the village magistrate on the outskirts of the crowd, he asked him in well-assumed innocence, "Have you no officials here?"

"Of course we have," replied the outraged magistrate.

"I doubt it," said Macklin with a characteristic shrug of his shoulders. "Look at the disorder! See this savage crowd!" And straightway the magistrate asserted himself and there was order!

Aside from his regular itinerating trips in the vicinity of Nanking, Dr. Macklin made many trips to Luchowfu, one hundred fifty miles across country. He made the first trip in 1892, when opposition to the foreigner was most severe and there was real danger along the way. Furthermore, Luchowfu was especially hostile, and steadfastly determined to keep the westerners and their religion out of the city. Dr. Macklin was probably the first foreigner to enter that city dressed in foreign clothes. A few other missionaries, dressed in Chinese style, had made their way in but were soon driven out, narrowly escaping with their lives.

On these long trips to Luchowfu the doctor-missionary followed different routes in order to preach in as many villages as possible. A missionary companion usually accompanied him and enjoyed the companionship of the way. Give the doctor a horse and the open road and he was the best traveling companion and story-teller to be found anywhere.

On long trips in those pioneer days the itinerating missionaries carried their own roll of bedding, a custom still followed in the present day when one goes into the country districts. At night they spread their bedding on the rude beds provided by the inns, on tables, on the ground, and sometimes on the opium couches. There was no privacy. The villagers crowded around to watch the queer beings who had come among them; they stayed on into the night, unconcerned as to the passing of the hours; life in the village was uneventful; they therefore made the most of the new diversion. Certainly to them the foreigner was odd enough and his ways peculiar enough to furnish considerable comedy!

Foreigners, Chinese, horses, and donkeys were often bedded under the same roof. "The food," recalls the doctor, "was



usually rice, with a coarse kind of greens like cabbage. Occasionally there was duck preserved in salt, but hunger was the best sauce and I fared very well. On the way to Peking one time we had only fat pork and very greasy pancakes. I once passed through a place where there had been a failure of crops and all I had to eat was duck, which had spoiled in the preserving, peanuts, and very poor rice. When I reached a town I bought half of a broiled duck and it was the best thing I ever ate. . . . But it was glorious to be preaching the gospel to those who sat in darkness." It was not easy work. There were hardships, privations, discomfort, persecutions. There was physical weariness and the strain of looking on suffering, poverty, and the apathy that comes from hopelessness. Need that cannot be remedied and opportunity that cannot be met can pull on the heartstrings until they leave piercing physical pain.

In the villages where the doctor was well known he needed no church bell to call the people together and no advance notice of his coming. As soon as someone on the edge of the town saw the familiar figure on his horse the glad cry went up, "*Ma Sien seng lai* [Dr. Macklin has come]!" The words were picked up by another and another and in a few minutes had been heard up and down the winding streets, the bypaths, and even out in the rice fields. Quickly the crowd came together at the tea house or in some other customary meeting place to hear another message from one who cared. Often the people were so eager to hear his message and receive his tracts that they crowded round him, pushing closer and closer until there was scarce room for him to stand. But he handed out tracts, explained the meaning of them, answered questions until he was near fainting from weariness and hoarse from long speaking. There were times when they gave him no chance to eat, and again when he had little time to sleep. It was necessary sometimes to ask official protection from the too eager as well as from the reviling crowds.

Amusing experiences came along with the serious work of the itinerating trips, and the doctor's never failing humor helped out many a situation and changed enmity into friendliness. Riding alone across country one day, he came to a strange village where two young boys shouted "foreign devil" at him in an unusually insolent manner. For the sake of future travelers who would pass through the village the doctor thought it best not to ignore the insult. He was in no great hurry and this might be interesting, so he urged his horse to a gallop and pursued the boys, who ran at top speed down a narrow street, turned into another winding street, and disappeared into an open courtyard. The doctor, like an avenging spirit, followed close after them, calling to them to stop, and rode right into the courtyard whither they had taken refuge. But no boys were to be seen. Quickly the family came forth to greet him and to ask what they could do for the honored visitor. He explained briefly what had happened and demanded that the boys be brought out of hiding and made to apologize. The boys, of course, could not be found! No one in the family knew where they were! They had not seen them all morning! But the doctor was insistent—he had seen them dash through the gate. A crowd soon gathered, as crowds have a way of doing in oriental villages. It seemed that the whole village was there, waiting tense and anxious to see what this strange foreigner would do.

The mother of the boys came forward timidly and offered to "kotow" to the foreigner in apology for her sons' rudeness. "No," replied the doctor, "you have not offended me. The boys themselves must be brought." The old grandmother hobbled up on her bound feet and offered to "kotow." "No, you have not offended me. The boys must apologize."

Time was passing, but the doctor, both vexed and amused at his predicament, felt that he must see the matter through. To ride away now would mean that he had lost face in that village. Everyone in the crowd but himself knew, of course, just where the boys were in hiding. So he demanded that the

village elders be called to settle the difficulty. They came and there was long and ceremonious conversation. They offered to "kotow" before the doctor, but again he insisted that only the boys had offended him and, therefore, the boys must apologize. So at last two very frightened small boys were brought from their hiding place.

"Now what do you want them to do?" asked the head elder. "Do you want them to 'kotow' to you?"

"No," replied the doctor sternly, as though this were a very serious and weighty matter. "I want each of them to turn a somersault three times." So while the doctor still sat upon his horse the two boys did their somersaulting before him. The doctor laughed and the tense crowd, relieved at last, laughed with him. The story circulated throughout the countryside, the people delightedly repeating, "A 'kotow' is not enough for Dr. Macklin; he must have a somersault."

On another day two missionaries, Dr. Macklin and one of the others with whom he often went on his evangelizing trips, came to a village where no foreigner had ever been seen, at least not for a long time, and the curious people gathered around until the two men were almost suffocated. Everyone wanted to get near enough to watch the strange visitors as they sat at a table drinking tea. Those who were fortunate enough to push their way close enough to the table asked numerous questions. What were their honorable names? From what land did they come? How old were they? How long would they stay and where were they going? Did they have sons? All personal questions, but the proper and polite conversation of the Orient. One old fellow, hard of hearing, leaned over their table to catch their replies, his mouth hanging open in his interest. "In your honorable country the woman is the head of the family, is she not?" was the question for which he sought answer.

"Well, it is like this," answered the doctor with well-assumed solemnity, "if the wife has more sense than her husband she

will rule the house." Straightening himself as though to settle a burden to his shoulders, the old man murmured with a gusty sigh, "It is much the same in our unworthy country."

Dr. Macklin's work in the tea houses is unique. In his pioneer days he began dropping into the tea houses to sip tea, hand out tracts, and talk with the people. It was one of the easiest and most natural ways of getting acquainted with folk and spreading the message. People drank their tea leisurely, were mellowed by it, and fell into conversational mood. And there were of course all sorts of tea houses! There were large orderly ornate places . . . beautifully carved and inlaid tables large enough for eight people and placed close together . . . men vying with one another to pay for Dr. Macklin's tea . . . scholars seeking places at near-by tables . . . coolies standing respectfully in the distance. There were humble little places made of bamboo, mud, and straw, black with the smoke of the ages . . . in one corner an old woman spinning . . . a barber plying his trade . . . a few men drinking tea, smoking, and talking . . . the doctor himself at a dirty table . . . tea served in dirty cups by a slovenly old woman. In both places were crowds to be taught and where there were crowds there was Dr. Macklin!

New missionaries counted a morning with Dr. Macklin in his tea house work one of their most interesting experiences. One of them described a morning visit: "A morning spent with Dr. Macklin in the Nanking tea houses is a novel experience. . . . On Sunday morning before breakfast Dr. Macklin, with two or three language school students, starts out on foot. After an hour's walk we arrive at one of the big tea houses in the center of Nanking's densest population. The tea house will seat five hundred people and is visited by more than that number during the course of the morning. The doctor selects a table directly in front of the door, gets the tracts ready for distribution, orders the meal, and as the people come in we hand each one some Christian literature. The novel and sur-



prising experience is not one whit more pleasant to a newcomer than are the delicious new flavors of Chinese food. Before all the literature is distributed, hundreds of people will be seated at the tables reading the Bible stories and other Christian messages. Tea and food will get cold on many a table as the readers learn of that bread of life, and of the water of life, perhaps for the first time. A silk-gowned business man will stop to talk with the doctor, or a Buddhist priest will sit and chat. What seed is there sown, much of it in good ground, if fine faces and vigorous personalities are any evidence! One might sit in an American commercial hotel and see no more capable-looking men than come to these tea houses to talk business and drink tea. In one day we distributed fifteen hundred pieces of literature. The Chinese reverence for learning and appreciation of the printed page make the use of tracts in evangelization peculiarly appropriate in China."

Another new missionary wrote: "There is nothing in the world like Dr. Macklin's tracts. One of them that we handed out the afternoon I went with him had the picture of a coffin at the top. It was a tract on opium. In China, the finest thing a young man can give his father is a coffin. The old gentleman puts it underneath his bed and keeps it there ready to drop into when he dies, for above all things else a Chinese man wishes a respectable burial. Below this picture was printed the message: 'You men who smoke opium, buy yourself a coffin, crawl into it, have someone nail it almost tight, stay there till your craving for opium is gone. If you die you have a coffin and a respectable burial, which is more than you have if you continue the use of opium. If you live you can have your friends pry up the cover and you come out a man, with your coffin on hand!' Then the doctor tells them to come to his hospital, where he will put them in an opium ward under guard. They cannot get out to opium, or get opium in to them. He will feed them, give them needed medicine, and they come out new."

When Dr. Macklin entered a village he perhaps would stand for a time looking up and down the street and then say as though he were alone, "The people in this village must be very lazy, with such poor thatched houses, hardly fit for animals." And then he would turn quickly to the bystanders, "If you were industrious you would have good homes with tiled roofs."

"Why, Ma Ling, you know we are hard-working people," they would protest in surprised and injured tones. "You know we are not lazy."

"Well, hold up your hands and let me see." And when hands were outstretched with palms upraised, he would look at the calloused places on those hands hardened with toil and scratch his head as though puzzled. "I knew you worked—but yet—your homes! Ah, I have it! As I came into town I noticed your temple. It is a beautiful building with a fine tile roof. I noticed your priest as he passed was beautifully dressed in heavy silk. That's it! The priest in his temple sits and says his prayer." Repeating the Buddhist prayer over and over until he made it into a buzz like the song of a mosquito, the narrator would hold his audience fascinated and then suddenly cry, "He stings you! He stings you! He sticks his claws into you! He takes everything from your pockets! He gives you nothing but fear, misery, and hopelessness. There is no joy, no hope, no peace, no love in his religion. He has a fine temple and dresses in silks. He leaves you in your shack and despair. Oh, men, how long will you cling to such foolishness? Why is it you will not listen to Him who gave His life that you might have peace and joy and happiness? Why will you not give your life to Him who, because He loved you, gave His life for you that your lives might be filled with love? Why is it, men?" Heads would hang. His sermon had reached their hearts. They could not get away from it. So quietly he would leave them standing there in the street and, mounting his horse, would ride away.

As the years passed, the results of his faithful work were much in evidence. He went one day into a town which he had been visiting regularly for many years. To an old man who long had been one of his faithful listeners he said, "I have preached here many, many years with no results. Few people have become Christians."

"But the people believe in you," the old man answered. "You see that incense shop," pointing with a long yellow finger to a place across the street. "Well, the owner complains that he cannot sell his stock because of your teachings." Reminds one of Diana of the Ephesians!

Missionaries who came later to the work found the task easier, the way opened, opposition lessened, and a willingness to hear, because of the doctor-missionary's long years of careful serving. Typical of the way people remembered the doctor and were influenced by his teaching through the years though they were not in a Christian environment is an experience of a Presbyterian missionary and several Chinese Christians. They went into a large interior town where no Christian work had ever been done and where no Christians lived. They expected opposition or at the best indifference. What was their surprise to be most cordially received by Mr. Sao Tsung Ro, member of a prominent family and one of the elders of the town. He secured the use of the public school building for the services and showed great interest in the message. His heart-warming welcome and enthusiastic co-operation was explained when he said that twenty years earlier he had heard Dr. Macklin preach in Nanking and had determined then to become a Christian. He did not remember the sermon that the doctor had preached, but he did remember very vividly a conversation between Dr. Macklin and a man on the street after the service was over. This man, he recalled, held the hand of a small boy who trotted along beside him and in his other hand

carried a basket filled with incense and paper for idol worshiping. "Your son is a fine boy," said the doctor. "Is he in school?"

"No, I haven't money enough to send my boy to school," was the father's answer.

"Don't you think it would be better to spend your money on your boy's education instead of buying incense and paper for the idols?" was the doctor's quick question. And that keen-thrust question was probably the seed that had taken root in Mr. Sao's soul, causing him to take a strong stand against idol worship in his own town. The public school building loaned for the evangelistic services was one of the results of that overheard conversation. When the town needed a place for the school the only building available was a disused temple filled with idols. There was no objection to using the temple for a school. Everyone was willing, but the difficulty lay in the large number of idols that stood about in the temple. Much as they wanted the school, not a man in the town dared go in and lift a single idol from its pedestal. No one, that is, except Mr. Sao, who had once listened to a pointed conversation on idol worship versus education. With the help of his son and the new principal of the school, he carried out and burned a hundred idols. The school was then opened and the way was made ready for the Christian message.

Many a similar story might be told of this doctor-evangelist, who with deed and word ever preached the Christ to the people of China. In wayside places and city streets, in dirty, tumbled little inns and gilded tea houses, in humblest huts and stately mansions, at tables spread with the simplest fare and at lavish banquets, among rich and poor, in private conversation and to assembled crowds, he drove home his message with utter fearlessness, swayed only by the people's need. He spoke in tenderest tones or in thundering words. He explained and pleaded in yearning compassion, or denounced in stinging re-



buke. Like the Master whom he loved and served, he "went everywhere teaching, preaching, healing." One who knew him well and long worked with him wrote: "Most vivid in my memory is one Sunday morning when I saw him quietly sit down among a tumultuous group of drunken soldiers of the worst character and placidly sip tea with them until one recognized him and greeted him as the man who had saved his leg after one of the battles in the revolution. That gave the doctor his opportunity to talk, and then came the flashing humor, the telling proverbs, the enthralling stories, and later the home thrusts that sowed good seed in the minds of all and brought new hope and life to at least one of those listeners. Seeing him thus, I began to understand how Christ must have worked among the lowliest and most needy folk."

"It is Je-su the Christ," murmured one who looked on, and surely Dr. Macklin interpreted his Christ to the people through all his forty-two years of versatile serving.

## HERO OF NANKING

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear!" Famous, well-known, and almost as often told as the Paul Revere tale is the story of how Macklin twice helped save Nanking in time of siege.

In 1911 the long-expected revolution broke out in the Yangtze Valley. A mighty event, this revolution that not only overthrew a corrupt and incompetent dynasty but also prepared the way for all succeeding reforms and changes. Hatred of the Manchu rule and desire for a republican form of government had been growing through the years. As hopes for reform under the empress dowager lessened, revolutionary organizations grew in number and strength. In 1911 the storm broke over all China. Quickly the revolution spread, well organized through years of careful planning and diligent teaching, and directed by zealous and able patriots. By early October, 1911, all the region of the Yangtze Valley except Nanking had hoisted the white flag of the revolution. And Nanking, impregnable and haughty behind her mighty walls, was held by General Chang Hsun with his imperialist soldiers. The revolutionist leaders, in turn, gathered a strong force to lay siege to the city, whose gates had been closed from within and sealed with masonry. A strong army within the city's walls and another without, Nanking entered into siege. Everyone was tense and waiting; rumors spread; repeatedly dates were announced when the hostilities would start; hours were set for the bombarding to begin; word was circulated that the city would be turned over peaceably to the besieging revolutionists, only to be met with the counter rumor that under no circumstances would the imperialists surrender; fear, hope, uncertainty. Among the foreigners preparations were made for hurried flight when the consuls should give the order. In

due season on a night in early November came the message from the consul, "On no account leave your compounds tonight but be ready to leave the city in the morning." All that night there was intermittent firing. In the Macklin home, as in other homes of foreigners, there was late night packing, last-minute planning between these two who were to be separated again in time of danger. In the morning came the order for women and children to assemble at the American consulate. The gates were opened and a squad of soldiers escorted them to the river's edge to await the steamer that would pass down river that day. "As we sailed away that afternoon," wrote Mrs. Macklin, "I shall never forget the look of Nanking with its high gates closed and barred, locking within those poor defenseless people, those heartless government soldiers, all those women and children, and the dearest and best one in the world."

As soon as fighting broke out along the Yangtze, mission hospitals organized for Red Cross work. Dr. Macklin, with the help of Mr. Frank Garrett, another Disciple missionary, at once made preparations to care for wounded soldiers. Other foreign men, missionaries, business men, and consular officials remained in the city and rendered similar service. For all of them busy exciting days followed. As the actual fighting began, the doctor's hospital filled with wounded soldiers and other mission institutions shared in the work. General Chang posted guards at the hospital entrances and issued proclamations granting full protection to the missionaries, who went freely about the city on their errands of mercy, caring for the sick, helping the refugees, and easing the fears of the populace. As Dr. Macklin went about the streets, soldiers called in a friendly fashion to him. Generals and lesser officials visited him, asked his advice, and gave attentive ear to all he had to say. Both army and civic leaders made generous grants to his hospital, which was constantly filled with wounded men to the number of two hundred at one time.

In spite of all the work the doctor sometimes wondered if it was the right and wise thing to remain in the besieged city. But one evening he attended a quiet little communion service at the South Gate center, with the small number of Christians stanchly in their places, many of them women and girls. Seeing them so quietly faithful, he suddenly knew that here was the place for him, to do whatever he could for these people who depended on him. "Now is the time for us to be men," he wrote to Mrs. Macklin in Shanghai. "I like to be under the command of the Lord and if I should be scratched a bit in a good cause I should have no reason to complain. . . . I'd be ashamed of myself to be in Shanghai and hear of the Chinese Christians being in trouble. . . . I am going to stay to do Red Cross work even if the consuls leave. Here is a chance to do good work and show one's colors. . . . It feels good to be good. . . . I feel in my element and our actions count for big things. . . . We are in the Lord's work and He will protect us. . . . It is no great thing to wear a cross in a church or parlor but to wear an effective cross on the battlefield is the real thing. . . . If I ran away now to save my skin I would have no face to be in Nanking again."

In the midst of one of the days of severe fighting, with the bombardment heavy and almost continuous, with one hundred and twenty wounded soldiers to care for, he wrote: "We are safe as usual. It is better than being sick. It is a lovely day and my flowers are out. . . . This is an easier job than running a charity hospital with no money to carry it on. . . . I'd sooner risk shells than typhus and pestilence."

The more progressive students had cut off their queues—it was a part of the revolutionary movement, for queues were a badge of Manchu rule. One of General Chang's first orders was the rounding up and execution of all queueless students. Dr. Macklin saw one hundred fifty of their decapitated bodies lying on the parade grounds, being torn to pieces by wolflike dogs.



For almost a month the siege held. On Purple Mountain, at Tiger Hill Fort, and elsewhere outside the city the revolutionary forces placed their guns. Along the city wall, at Lion Hill Fort, and at other vantage points within the city, the besieged imperialist forces set up their defenses. Back and forth went the bombarding. Here and there surged the enemy forces. Batteries were taken and retaken. The fighting was severe and there were many wounded. Shells whizzed overhead, and Dr. Macklin, unmindful of danger, went about his work. He cared for the wounded in his hospital and in other mission buildings. He visited the camps and looked after the needs of sick and wounded there. He rode his horse or walked about the city streets, listening to every rumor, checking the truth or falsehood of it, watching every chance to help the distressed people, giving assurance, quieting fears, restoring confidence, and keeping in close touch with the officials. He served as war correspondent, too, for the Shanghai English newspapers.

Days thus passed and General Chang stubbornly refused all efforts to bring peace, but at the end of November he was persuaded to let a group of foreign men go out to the revolutionist camp and arrange for surrender. He refused to comply, however, with the terms laid down, repeating emphatically as each demand was presented to him, "*Pu shing* [It can't be done]!" The ultimatum had been delivered that unless Chang surrendered the city would be bombarded in the morning. All was confusion and hopelessness. The consuls began arranging for the foreign men to leave at once. But suddenly it was discovered that Chang had fled in the early evening darkness, taking several thousand of his men with him. His officers, who had been pleading with him to surrender, could now do as they wished.

The command of officers and men yet remaining now fell to an officer named Chao. As a petty officer he had been one of the first wounded men brought to Dr. Macklin's hospital, his

hand severely injured in the battle. The doctor cared for him kindly and between the two a real friendliness had grown. Chao often came to his doctor friend for advice and had talked with him as to possible plans for surrender of the city. As soon as he knew that his general had fled, he went straight to the doctor. Macklin's chance had now come, the time for which he had been waiting and watching, to lift the siege and place Nanking under the revolutionist flag. To Chao's inquiry as to what they could do he replied immediately, "Bring five hundred men and come to my house in the middle of the night. Meanwhile talk to your men as to the plans for surrender and I'll get some sleep." A note was dispatched to the other foreign men in the city: "Be at my house shortly after midnight. Our chance has come to turn over the city." To his astonished cook he gave word to have breakfast for the foreign men at one o'clock. Plans made and instructions given, our doctor went to bed, although he confesses that sleep did not come easily to one who was "rather rejoicing in the novel experience of turning over a city to revolutionists." In the dead of night General Chao returned with seven hundred fifty men and found Dr. Macklin and his friends calmly eating breakfast. When coffee cups had been drained they were off across the city on their peace venturing. To all appearances it was a deserted city. No lights glimmered anywhere. No noise was heard. No one waited about to see the soldiers pass, or slunk around corners, or cowered in the shadow of the wall. Gates were closed and securely locked. Shops were well barred. In tense silence they made their way along the dark and silent streets. Now and again the stillness was broken by a surprised exclamation as someone stumbled or fell on the uneven cobblestones. At the head of the procession walked General Chao, some of his officers, and the foreigners. Now and then there was a whispered consultation among them, but for the most part they were as quiet as the seven hundred fifty men who followed close behind. An hour's walk brought them to the Peace Gate,

opening toward Purple Mountain where the revolutionist headquarters were maintained. But the Peace Gate was sealed and barricaded with bricks and mud. To open it would take hours and meanwhile more lives might be sacrificed. So up on the wall went Macklin and a few Chinese with lighted lanterns in their hands to call to the besiegers their message of peace, "We are willing to capitulate." As soon as their lights appeared, guns were fired at them by both the revolutionist forces and by a contingent of imperialists who did not know their leader had fled. Hastily the doctor extinguished his lantern. "Put out your lights," he shouted. But the excited Chinese, less familiar with lanterns, fumbled, and bullets continued to rain as the doctor dashed from lantern to lantern with characteristic efficiency. His own record laconically covers the situation with "It seemed wise to get down off the wall and seek cover." Later Mr. Garrett and Mr. Gilbert, the American vice-consul, were able to establish communications and call a message of peace from the wall. Meanwhile a small opening had been made through the gate and the foreign men went outside where they were immediately attacked by a group of soldiers who sprang out of a trench with upraised guns. They quieted down when they learned that this was a peace delegation. On they went, Gilbert, Garrett, and Macklin, with Chao and a few other Chinese leaders, carrying their emblems of peace, the white flag of the revolution and the American flag. A quarter of a mile across marshy land they went and there on a hillside met the leaders of the revolutionist forces. A truce was soon agreed upon.

"What if they fire on us?" asked General Ling, commanding officer of the revolutionist forces, none too trustful of the opposing forces.

"A general has to have some courage," was the doctor's withering answer.

"Just a minute more." It was Chao this time who wanted assurance. "May my soldiers and I have the same rank in the

new army that we had in the old?" Assured that they would be granted the same rank and pay, there seemed to be nothing further to settle.

The gates were thrown open and out from the city in the thin morning light marched the erstwhile besieged forces to surrender their arms and stand at attention. The revolutionists were drawn up opposite. Then at a word from the victorious revolutionist leader the soldiers picked up their guns and were declared soldiers in the army of the revolution. The white flag, emblem of the new day in China, floated over them as the two armies, now one, marched back into the city. And with them marched the doctor and the other foreigners, happy that the city had thus been saved. If the city had been taken by force, lawlessness would have broken loose. There would have been robbery and looting, brutal attacks upon women and children, death for many. How they loved the doctor-missionary and blessed him for his share in this service! Honors were showered upon him, leaving him still the humble, unassuming Macklin.

China was declared a republic. Nanking was the capital. Sun Yat-sen was appointed president just before the closing days of 1911. Peace terms were discussed with the Manchu rulers, with Yuan Shih-kai acting as the representative of the Manchu government. Yuan himself declared himself in favor of a republic and finally won the prince regent to abdication for himself and the young ruler. Perceiving that Yuan Shih-Kai held the confidence of the old imperialist leaders and that he seemed to be fully in favor of a republic, Sun Yat-sen resigned his position in favor of the former Manchu leader who he believed would have the greater power and influence. The government then was established in Peking. Soon, however, it was evident that Yuan Shih-kai was at heart a monarchist, and the republican leaders along the Yangtze rebelled and made ready to march upon Peking. In this movement Chang Hsun saw his opportunity for revenge. With his



strong imperialist army, which had been growing in numbers, he returned to attack Nanking. The tables were turned. The soldiers of the revolution were entrenched within the city; General Chang and his forces laid siege from without. And thus began the second siege of Nanking, that of 1913. A month of bloody fighting followed. Again the hospital, turned into Red Cross wards, saw many examples of bravery as the hundreds of wounded passed through its doors. Again the doctor, finding occasional respite from the strain of busy days and anxious nights, worked in his garden with shells whizzing overhead and watched for the moment when peace terms might be arranged.

The moment came, and all Nanking asked Dr. Macklin to act again as mediator. A dangerous mission, but one into which he gladly entered. General Chang Hsun, vindictive, cruel, determined to wreak vengeance for his former defeat, was no easy person with whom to deal. With Mr. Gill of the Episcopal mission Dr. Macklin made his way to Chang's headquarters which he had established in a private railway coach. It was easy for Dr. Macklin to obtain audience with the general since many of his officers had been cared for in the hospital in the earlier siege and they now welcomed him as friend. Straight to the point went Dr. Macklin, interrupting the general's ceremonious welcome.

"Our men want a truce," he said.

"If they surrender, all will be well with them," Chang replied.

But Macklin was not satisfied. "Our spies bring word that your soldiers have been promised ten days of license [liberty to loot]."

"Heaven would not allow such a thing," cried Chang in well-feigned piety. Whereupon he gave the doctor a roll of proclamations to distribute in the city among the military and civil leaders. These proclamations promised full amnesty and no pillaging or looting. But the leader of the revolutionary

forces refused to surrender. When he saw the proclamation, he dashed it to the floor, crying scornfully, "It is a lie that there will be no looting or killing."

And there matters stood. Many of the revolutionist soldiers had refused to fight, loafing their time away in tea houses and on the streets. Of the brave fellows who had fought gallantly, with their determination to die-before-they-would-yield, only a pitiful remnant remained. Dr. Macklin, talking to the captain in command at the East Gate, remarked that it was foolhardy for them to keep up the struggle. The captain opened his gate to the enemy, who immediately rushed in and began to loot and kill in the most horrible manner.

Macklin looked on at this horror, but he could not look for long. He felt responsible for this pillage and carnage since he it was who had delivered the false promises to the city. He must do something about it.

"Come with me," he said to Dr. Brown of the Presbyterian mission, and soon the two men were on their horses, out of the Peace Gate, riding hard to General Chang's camp. Again they found him in his railway coach. The general looked the angry Macklin blandly in the eye.

"You promised me that there would be no looting, but your soldiers are even now looting the city," said Macklin without preface or the usual polite exchange of greetings.

"It is a false report. There is no looting going on," the general replied, speaking with easy composure.

"Then take me out and shoot me," came back the doctor's retort, his eyes flashing fire.

"What do you mean?" This from the nonplussed general who knew how to deal with most men, but not with this medical missionary who would not be silenced or appeased with the usual methods.

Macklin threw open his coat and struck his chest with his open palm. "I have given you my word that your soldiers are looting. If it is not true, then take me out and shoot me." The general hesitated, and Macklin, striking the table

with the back of his hand, a sign of authority, continued, "I demand in the name of humanity that you keep your word and have all looting stopped at once." A missionary, single-handed and with no authority back of him, dared thus to deal with a powerful general whose aides stood with ready guns at the door.

"I'll go with you into the city," spoke the general, suddenly repentant.

"You'd better not, there might be bombs or mines."

"Well, then, I'll give you a hundred soldiers and orders to stop the looting and kill all who are found still looting."

"I'll need fifteen hundred men," blustered Macklin, and soon the two missionaries were riding back toward the city gates with proclamations and a force sufficient to quell the disorder. The first stop was at the camp of another officer to tell him of the new orders. While the audience was being held, the doctor's horse and the other missionary's fine camera were stolen.

"You tell me there is no looting and yet right here in your camp at the very entrance to your headquarters we are robbed," taunted Macklin. The officer insisted that it must have been a small boy, and to this the doctor replied, "How could any small boy do this? How could anyone but one of your own men do it when no one enters or leaves your camp without the password?" The general's own mount carried the triumphant doctor back to the suffering city, where the proclamations and the soldiers soon put an end to the reign of terror. The horse and camera were returned next day. Dr. Macklin, the humble medical missionary, had again saved the city.

In all the rejoicing and thanksgiving over the saving of the city in 1911 and the quick relief from the wanton destruction that followed the siege of 1913, Dr. Macklin was given large place. In the gay festivities and stately ceremonies that marked the inauguration of Yuan Shih-kai as president and the recogni-

tion of China as a republic by the world powers the missionary doctor was again honored with medals and praised for his chivalrous service.

About the same time the Nanking Chamber of Commerce gave a feast, honoring all the foreigners who helped save their city during the two sieges. Among all the guests none was more honored and eulogized than Dr. Macklin, modest, unassuming, sturdily affirming that he had done no more than anyone else.

Of Dr. Macklin in these days one of the missionaries wrote: "I tell you it is no wonder the people of Nanking love him as they do. . . . He took his life in his hands several times to save the city. He had a great opportunity, and handled it as a great man. If you could see the thankfulness beaming out of the eyes of such men as the civil governor and other officials, you would realize how these people almost worship Macklin."

Perhaps no honor, medal, or recognition of any sort meant more to the doctor than the letter that came from his aged father in Ontario, Canada. It alone rivals the doctor's own terse, unadorned way of telling of his heroic service. The letter reads: "About twenty years ago I read of a woman with a child in her arms falling off the wharf in Hamilton, Ontario, and a gentleman named James C. Macklin jumping in and holding the woman (who clung to the baby) until a boat came. I was living in Toronto at the time and remember walking down Queen Street and thinking of the matter and that we had a hero in the family. My emotions were so stirred that I seemed to hardly touch the ground as I walked with my head up high, I felt so exalted. Well, that is how I feel about your exploit in Nanking."

Characteristic of the doctor and of his self-effacing attitude toward his own remarkable service is the fact that he insisted that this chapter be called "Red Cross in the Sieges." Only in the face of his disapproval and in flagrant disregard of his desire do we determinedly call him "Hero of Nanking."





PART FIVE:

THE YEARS THAT COME AFTER



*What is the joy of the man who plows?  
And of the man who scatters the seed?  
It is to lean upon the hoe,  
And see everywhere the trace of green.*

—HSIEH PING HSIN.

## THE YEARS THAT COME AFTER

"We have lost a good deal, cattle, bees, books, household goods, our house in Kuling, but I have been meditating on the text, 'Take joyfully the spoiling of your goods.'" Thus spoke the dauntless Dr. Macklin following the tragedy of March 24, 1927, in Nanking. Undismayed by losses that to most people would have been overwhelming, the Macklins faced forward valiantly. They were no longer young. China was their home and in China they had hoped to spend all their years. From that country and their home, all despoiled, they had been rudely torn. Not of losses, however, did they speak when they reached the United States, but of the fineness, the steadfastness, the courage, and the sacrificial love of the Chinese Christians who had risked their all, even life itself, for their missionary friends and who would carry on in loyal service through the coming days of testing, danger, and rapid change.

There were the five children to visit in various parts of the United States. One daughter had left them in Nanking for England just a few days before the outbreak of trouble. There was the Macklin family to visit in Canada. There were the constant engagements to fill, for churches everywhere wanted to hear from Dr. Macklin the story of China and all that had happened there. Great audiences gathered to hear his story, told in straightforward fashion, unadorned by oratory, but glowing with love for China's folk and throbbing with the yearning to help them in their new day.

Then came the invitation from friends in southern California to visit them on their ranch. "As long as you can stay," the letter said. "Just what we wanted most to do, spend the winter in California," wrote the delighted Macklins in acceptance. It was December (1927), however, before the doctor's speaking engagements released him for the trip



Several refreshing months were spent in the ranch home, a time of rest and relaxation, and for the doctor, the pleasure of gardens and orchards again.

The summer of 1928 brought Dr. Macklin face to face with the matter of his return to China. Would he go back to finish that final five years of service? There was a natural longing to go, but the doctor felt that it might be better not to return, not to attempt to fit himself into the new days and ways. The China in which he had served for almost a half century was no more. Changes would be radical and rapid and the type of missionary work must change also. His had been the work of the pathfinder, the trail blazer, the pioneer. His had been the relationship of father to child in his attitude toward, and his dealings with, the Chinese people. His work had been individualistic, arranged to his own planning and desire. To lay his program before a mission group, to fit his schedule to a general policy, or to follow a prearranged routine irritated him and put him sometimes in a contentious mood. He was gentle, but he possessed a temper that could flare like a flame and as quickly die. He believed in his work and he preferred to do it in his own way. His missionary co-workers, though they loved and honored him, were sometimes sore tried with him. They gloried in his strength, in his unique contribution, and in his rugged personality. They would not have changed him if they could, and they could not have done so if they would. Furthermore, Dr. Macklin realized that he was no longer young. Neither he nor Mrs. Macklin was in good health. "Better not attempt to go back," was his decision, made with a sigh that revealed how deep was the heartache and agony of soul.

"Where shall we make our home?" was the next problem that presented itself. They had already spent seven charmed months in California and already were characteristically Californian in their enthusiasm for the country. Easily then they came to the decision to make their home somewhere in southern California. The United Christian Missionary Society reim-

bursed them in part for their losses in Nanking. Friends in the Wilshire Boulevard Church of Los Angeles made them a gift of money, a "love gift that was over and above the budget so that it did not detract from their regular missionary giving," explained the Macklins, concerned lest anyone think they had accepted money that should have gone to missionary enterprises. An architect friend presented them with the blue prints for the bungalow that was Mrs. Macklin's dream.

In San Gabriel they found just what they wanted, the ideal location for the little house that was to mark for them the end of the way. There was land enough to the side and rear for the doctor to grow his flowers, fruits, and vegetables. A contractor offered his services for a time to see the work well started. Business firms gave needed things. Friends helped with the building and with the settling, and so the little home was completed. "The house that love built," Mrs. Macklin sometimes calls it.

"Oh, here is where they live," you say, pleased that it is such a homelike, attractive place. As you fumble with the gate latch Mrs. Macklin darts out on the little porch partially hidden by roses and down the drive to give you gracious and heart-warming welcome. The doctor wanders in from his planting and pruning to greet you with his shy but beaming smile and a Chinese handshake. If the day is cool a fire dances in the open grate. Great bowls of roses of the doctor's growing are everywhere. Evidences of China are there, too—this exquisite vase, the gift of the Mohammedan teacher and friend; that picture, a cultured group who had honored the doctor with a feast before he left for some furlough; another picture, the brooding old Drum Tower, the hospital, the University building, the foreign school, Hillcrest, the hills—all the loved panorama that had long been their familiar surroundings; this scroll of loveliest velvet with its artistic lettering that reads "Kindness to our Nanking"; and many, many other treasured things. But if you want to see the many decorations and medals that were given to him you will have to ask and insist

—they are tucked modestly away. It is a charming, comfortable little home, and breathes a warmth of hospitality, friendliness, and good cheer.

Interest in the outside world and its happenings is manifest. The radio is on. The news is heard and weighed and discussed. The dial is turned to get the messages that deal with the affairs of government, new laws that are in the making, economics, peace, war. Not alone China but the United States and all the rest of the world are within the Macklin range of interest and along all lines they keep informed.

They took out their naturalization papers—the doctor was Canadian and Mrs. Macklin had lost her American citizenship through marriage—and became citizens of the United States. They wanted to vote, you see, and share in all the country's affairs!

The doctor's interest in economics grows. He still advocates his principles of single tax and Christian economics. Several times a week he goes into Los Angeles and makes his way to Pershing Square, a full city square devoted to a lovely little park in the very heart of downtown Los Angeles. The benches there are always filled with people, especially men. Many of them are unemployed and on relief rolls; others, though independent financially, are discontented with life, with social conditions, with the government, and are out of sympathy with the church. Some are there through indifference and unconcern with life; some because there is no place to go and nothing special to do; others have the definite intention of stirring up discontent and gaining followers to some cause. Dr. Macklin, with his topcoat held carelessly in the crook of his arm, his hat drawn low to shade his eyes, strolls along the paths among this strangely assorted group. With his quizzical smile he greets this one and that. The same ability to make friends and to find the right way to start a conversation and lead the way to what he wants to say is revealed as in the China days. He talks with them singly or in groups. One man listening to

his theories one day said, "If I had known what you stand for I would never have opposed you." A communist leader talked with him as he sat with them on a park bench and then asked him to come to their hall and address one of their regular meetings. He accepted with delight and was well received.

The Rainbow Pier at Long Beach, near Los Angeles, is a unique place. Here anyone with a cause may speak and he will perhaps be heard, though many others are speaking heatedly at the same time and near at hand. An odd mixture of people, beliefs, schemes. The discussions range through socialism, bolshevism, communism, capitalism, utopianism, millenniumism, protestantism, catholicism, and every social, economic, and religious problem. Dr. Macklin goes sometimes to the Rainbow Pier for these free-for-all discussions. For three hours one afternoon he held that group, most of whom usually preferred to harangue the crowd and lead the discussions rather than to listen. But this man had a message, a constructive message, and they listened. He talked to them about the Christian solution of social ills in such a way that many came to talk with him in friendly fashion after the group had broken up.

The Macklins attend conferences, conventions, and other church meetings and in them they have part. Everywhere they are cordially greeted and honored. The Christian Church of Alhambra claims their membership and their loyal support. The doctor goes to Los Angeles regularly to attend the ministerial meetings and keeps in touch with the pastors and their work. As occasion arises he speaks in churches. In 1930 he journeyed to Washington, D. C., to attend the first world convention of the Disciples of Christ. At an international convention in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1932, he was honored at a missionary breakfast in which leaders of the church spoke in laudatory terms of his missionary contribution and of the blessing of their association with him. In the southern California Convention in 1934 a special breakfast did honor to him and commemorated the fiftieth year of his appointment to foreign missionary service.



Dr. Macklin keeps fresh and vital his contacts with the Christian Church at Frankfort, Kentucky, the church that began calling him "our missionary" when its members assumed responsibility for his support in 1893. In 1932 that church kept its centennial anniversary and among its most honored guests were Dr. and Mrs. Macklin. The church has had a century of glorious history. It has wrought mightily and well. Courage and consecration and worthy service in all good causes have shone forth. Thinking in terms of the heritage of the century, the present pastor, Hampton Adams, worthy successor of those who have ministered to the church, says: "The greatest honor that has come to the Frankfort church in its whole history is the association of the name of this church with Dr. Macklin for forty years while he was the living link of the church." In the *Centennial Book* which commemorated the anniversary Mr. Adams wrote: "This church has received recompense for its investment in Dr. Macklin far beyond what money can earn; an intimate concern for the missionary, a fraternal feeling for the people with whom he labored, a vital missionary life within the church. One of the chief joys on this Centennial occasion is the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Macklin, now retired from active service but still to us the embodiment of Christian missions."

The former missionaries living in southern California have many pleasurable gatherings. No matter what the land in which they have served they are drawn together in closest friendship—the unique fellowship of those who have been "foreign missionaries." They come together to honor missionaries and nationals from all the mission lands and thus keep vital contacts with these lands and their people. Many of these southern Californian missionaries are from China and were co-workers with Dr. Macklin in the pioneer days. Others knew him as the seasoned missionary when they were young and inexperienced. This group who are united in the common bond of serving in China came together in May, 1935, to keep Dr. Macklin's seventy-fifth birthday. As the doctor came

down the sloping hillside to the tables where the picnic meal was spread, his face broke into the most radiant of smiles. All the glory and the blessing of his long years of serving shone on his countenance as he greeted the friends who had caught him unawares. How they talked, those old-time friends and fellow-workers! How they listened, those who were younger in the work and knew not the hardship, the danger, and the peculiar allurements of the earlier days! Light was on the doctor's face as he visited and remembered. Then there would come a seriousness like a cloud that sometimes darkens a sunny landscape. Memories touched deepest and tenderest depths that day.

His missionary co-workers honor him. Over in China they remember, honor, and love him. We, too, pay our homage to this man who for so many years ministered unfalteringly, kindly, fearlessly, serving in the name of the Christ, his King.



## EPILOGUE





*Dusk comes, the east wind blows, and birds  
pipe forth a mournful sound;  
Petals like nymphs from balconies come  
tumbling to the ground.*

—CHANG CHI.

## EPILOGUE

In and out, in and out, speeds the fast-moving shuttle on the loom, weaving now the plain and durable everyday fabric, now the cloth of sheerest loveliness. In the same fashion did the tireless, alert Dr. Macklin yield up the treasure of his China days. In and out, in and out he passed in city, village, and countryside, weaving ever life's pattern in traits steadfast, abiding, and every day tested; catching the fragile threads of elusive dreams and intangible longings into sturdy purpose and self-forgetting service; fashioning the tangled mass of hopelessness, sordidness, and earth-bound existence into exalted, ideal-reaching, uplifted living; shaping designs of enduring beauty and God-desires in the lives of China folk.

And so you have the story of a life fully dedicated to the Master's use. Another chapter in the enthralling narrative of that noble race of men and women who have pressed ever forward that men might know the love of a Redeeming Savior. Where one lays down his burden another lifts it up and leaps to fill the gap. Other lives in other lands pass on the Story. And now in the fullness of His time all lands hear the inescapable call. Men heed and give their all in highest service for their new-found King. Not until the world is caught up in that larger life that is to be will the last chapter have been written. As long as there is need, so long will there be those who answer the call. Upon other lips will the glowing coal be placed and others yet unborn will cry: "Here am I, Lord; send me."











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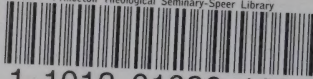
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